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1962-63



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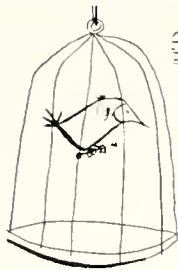
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JOHN DIEFENBAKER - I said maybe...and that's final!

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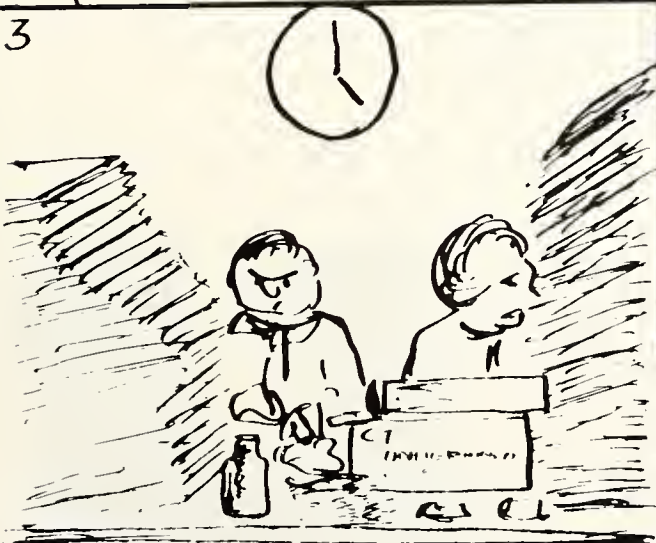
THE PHOTOGRAPHER

2



THE ARTIST

3



THE WRITERS

4



THE

VICTORY





## *Principal's Message*

A school magazine is a large and complicated project designed to provide gifted students with a chance to develop their latent talents. The magazine which you hold in your hands is the creative effort of a large group of Nelson's most talented students who have dreamed, planned and worked to produce an imaginative record of the year's activities. The Victory is the tangible result of a great deal of creative thought and team work on the part of the sponsor, other staff members and students.

To the graduates of 1963 I bid a fond farewell and wish you well in your chosen field of higher education or industry. To you falls the challenge of meeting the expanded needs for more and better trained people to continue the development of this country to which all of us owe so much.

It has been a thrilling experience to be Principal of Nelson High School during the first six years of its existence. From its small beginning in September 1957, it has grown to maturity both in physical size, and in academic and extra-curricular prowess. Traditions have been developed by the student body which have made Nelson High School a challenging place to be, either as a teacher or student.

To my successor, Miss Robinson, I extend congratulations and best wishes. I have every confidence that, with her guidance, Nelson High School will continue to grow in stature and reputation.

To all, graduates, staff and student body, I extend my best wishes for your continued success and I hope that you will carry forward the Nelson traditions and keep ever before you our school motto "Exact in action, exalted in thought" - "Diligens, Providens".



MISS E. ROBINSON  
Assistant Principal



MR. E. LAVENDER  
Assistant Principal

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Miss M. Harte



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A good speech, like a woman's dress, should be long enough to cover the subject  
but short enough to create interest.

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## **EDITORIAL**

On behalf of the editorial staff we would like to take this opportunity to thank the teaching staff and students who worked so willingly to present the 1962-1963 edition of the "Victory".

We have tried to make changes this year which help to improve the quality of the book. For the first time we did all of our own photography and feel that this is a step in the right direction. Again we have made the book available in either hard or soft covers.

In years to come your copy of the current "Victory" will help you to remember those happy days you spent at Nelson High School in the 1962-1963 school year. We hope that you will spend many happy hours looking through your copy.

In the coming year we wish everybody, especially our graduates the very best of luck wherever they may be.

- Craig Turney

- Wynn Taylor







Peggy Smith



John Jameson



Sue Lampkin



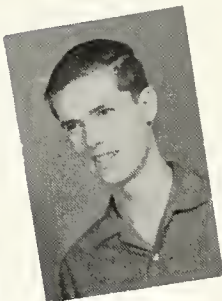
Dan Freeman



Vicki Smith



Linda Forrest



Ray Gibbs



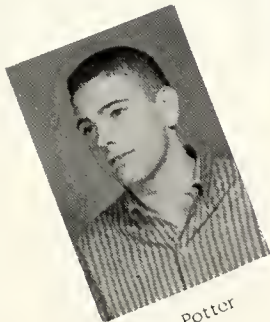
Judy Wiertz



David Baird



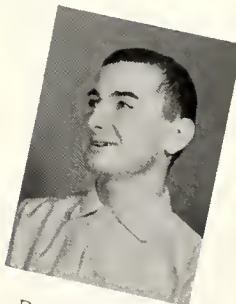
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GRADS



## VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

Mr. Tough,  
Mr. Singleton,  
Honoured Guests,  
Mr. Gilmore,  
Members of the teaching staff of Nelson High School,  
Fellow graduates,  
Ladies and Gentlemen:

First of all, let me express my gratitude to the staff for having chosen me as valedictorian. It is a great honour to be able to represent this class in waving good-bye to its alma mater.

This graduating class of 1962 is actually also the first grade 9 class to have entered Nelson, and consequently, I feel rather inadequate to represent it since I did not come to Nelson until two years later. But in doing so, I became one of a large number of students in this class, perhaps even close to a majority, who were also transferred here from other schools. This, I think, indicates the rapid growth of Nelson High School over the past 5 years, which in turn reflects the growth of the entire municipality of Burlington.

There are many evidences of this growth at Nelson. Five years ago, with a student population numbering in the 200's it was already a closely knit, spirited group. Over the years it has retained these aspects of its character while adding many more as its population multiplied 5 times.

Remember for instance, those fabulous Spring Concerts which showed that our school band had developed into one of the best in the province? Of course our Drama Club wasn't exactly inactive either, if I do say so myself. Gradually, many of our extra-curricular organizations began excelling in their activities -- such as the history club with its annual trips to New York or Ottawa; and the science club projects receiving high honours at the Hamilton Science Fair.

Then of course, there were those annual fall political campaigns for Student Parliament, the trip to Stratford, noon hours spent madly getting your homework done. And remember those English and History classes we taught ourselves? Many of these were the marks of a growing school.

Of course we weren't really a full-fledged school until we'd had our bomb scare. No school is complete without one. I'll tell you another thing that no school is complete without, and that's the day that a certain male teacher returns from a day off and starts handing out cigars to everybody -- well, chocolates for us.

Academically, too, I don't think very many schools can boast of the benefits we had. I think it is no exaggeration to say that we had here one of the best teaching staffs we could possibly have had. Whether or not we took advantage of them is a different matter.

Our teachers were well-educated, hard-working, and gifted in their ability to teach. And we learned from them more than just what was on the course of study.

I don't mean those interesting bits of wisdom like, "This is not a compass, this is a pair of compasses," or the reasons why a barber pole has red and white stripes, and blue too, if you're a patriotic American, or the fact that the word "Philosophy" is derived from the 2 Greek words "philos" and "sophos" which mean

"love of wisdom." I admit that we usually got choice little morsels like these every day!

But I don't want to give you the impression that at Nelson we received, as Dickens put it, "A smattering of everything and a knowledge of nothing". In fact we gained much more than knowledge from our teachers. Each of them, by the examples of their actions and their lives and their opinions, bestowed upon us some part of his philosophy of life -- some part of himself! And that part of each of them has become part of each of us, so that even after our teachers die, they will live on in us, and in our children, and our grandchildren, and so on.

Don't let me give you the impression that they don't have any faults, mind you, because they do -- they are, after all, human.

But their faults are far outweighed by their virtues, and it is these virtues that have left their imprint upon us. I think now would be the proper time to express the gratitude of this graduating class to the staff of Nelson High School for a job well done!

It must really be a difficult task being a teacher -- at least we tried to make it that way. I don't know how successful we were, but we tried. Remember for instance, the expression on a certain trigonometry teacher's face when he was doing a statics experiment, trying to make a wooden block slide down an inclined plane, and it just wouldn't go? He didn't know there was gum on it. Oh, we were demons, we were.

Where else but at Nelson would a teacher get an end-of-the-year gift from his class of a Bible, and a half dozen beer glasses?

However, we must move on from the past to the present, and the future. But before we do, I think we should stop and think for a moment to see if there is anything we have forgotten -- and there is!

We cannot neglect paying tribute to the one man who, more than any other, was responsible for the successful development of this new school, and to congratulate him on his forthcoming promotion -- our principal, Mr. Gilmore. It will be a difficult task for his successor to exert the discipline necessary in a school the size of this one, while still maintaining the respect of its students as he has done. Few other people (in fact only two that I know of) could show the interest that he does in the students of this school and their activities, and still cope with the heavy chore of administrative work and the responsibility of his position. And most important of all, nobody, and I mean nobody, will be able to do the kind of job that he has done playing Santa Claus at the Christmas party.

But finally, what does the future hold for this graduating class? Well what is the present? It is a commencement, a beginning, which reminds me of a quotation from the words of Winston Churchill. This is a quotation in reference to the Battle of Egypt during the Second World War, which isn't exactly a parallel with us tonight -- although you may wish to think of life

as being a battle. Actually life is just a bowl of cherries, except for the fact that you're always falling into pits!

Anyway, getting back to Churchill, he said: "This is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. But it is, perhaps, the end of the beginning."

This is basically the position that we are in tonight. As far as our education is concerned, since education is a life-long process, this is only the end of the beginning. And as far as our lives are concerned this is also the end of the beginning -- at least we like to think it is.

Consequently, if we looked into our crystal ball, we would see that the answer to the question, "What does the future hold?" is the obvious answer that the future holds our entire life. What we choose to do with our future is our own concern, and this is a very great responsibility.

Certainly I hope that none of us will be so foolish as to ignore the growth of an education that has been so well begun here at Nelson. I don't mean by that that we must all attend university, because university and education are not necessarily synonymous.

I also hope that none of us will choose to ignore the country that gave us the beginning that is here partly represented by the diploma that we have all received tonight.

Disraeli said the following of Britain in 1874, but it applies just as much to Canada today: "Upon the people of this country the fate of this country depends."

It matters not how or where we choose to serve our country, as long as we remember that the fate of our country depends upon us and upon our education.

Pericles wrote: "Fix your eyes on the greatness of your country as you have it before you day by day, fall in love with her, and when you feel her great, remember that her greatness was won by men with courage, with knowledge of their duty, and with a sense of honour in action, who, even if they failed in some venture, would not think of depriving the country of their powers, but laid them at her feet as their fairest offering."

We must, I think, at least try to return what we have received to those whom we have received it from -- indeed in our humble position of beginning, this is all we can do.

We certainly must not underestimate the importance of our future, both to ourselves and to our country -- and to those who have shared in our beginning.

To date, Nelson High school is too young to have developed a tradition with respect to its graduates, and consequently, as far as our future is concerned, we have no tradition to follow -- which makes our task doubly important for this school since we must develop its tradition. I think it deserves to have a good one. At least let's try to give it one that is worthy of the name "Nelson".







KEN BARTLE  
 A: To pass English  
 UD: Failing English  
 PP: Big Noses  
 HPSC: Passing grade 12 English  
 FS: Nice head  
 P: Doing nothing to exert myself  
 TYFN: Still trying to pass grade 13 English  
 FR: I hope they mark easily in Toronto



GEORGIE BRYER  
 A: Harley St. neurosurgeon  
 UD: Scrubbing floors in Joseph Brant  
 FS: "Watch my sore foot."  
 TYFN: Raising little Yummy men  
 PP: The long distance between here and Toronto  
 FR: "Don't think it ain't been grand."



FRANK BELCHAMBER  
 A: Ski champion  
 UD: Weekend skier  
 PP: People who can yodel  
 HPSC: Grade XII French  
 FS: For shame  
 P: Skiing, She-ing



RON BELL  
 UD: M.D. with a cute nurse  
 HPSC: 71% average at Easter Exams  
 P: Hunting for floozies  
 PP: People who mind my own business  
 FS: Smile, it only hurts when you laugh  
 TYFN: Washing bottles at Blair Hospital



SHARON CARTWRIGHT  
 A: To find a university that will take me  
 UD: Filling out application forms  
 PP: Too many studies in cold rooms  
 HPSC: Passing Grade 12 History  
 FS: Oh! for heaven's sake  
 P: Doing homework in studies  
 TYFN: Still doing Math. questions  
 FR: LIVE!!!



LARRY COCKSHUTT  
 HPSC: Passing 13 English  
 P: Finding rides to the academy  
 PP: Big noses  
 FS: Like Pussy  
 TYFN: Making queues



TED CONLIN  
 HPSC: 13 French  
 P: Corner of Brant and Caroline  
 PP: Garbage Collectors  
 FS: "You joking, buddy?"  
 UD: Scraping the ice in Burlington Arena



RICK DRAKER  
 HPSC: Christmas Holidays  
 P: Pool, cards, guns, dice, etc.  
 PP: None  
 FS: Censored  
 UD: Debatable  
 TYFN: Still trying to understand the Trig Course

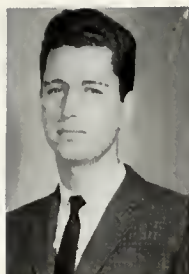


DON DUNCAN  
 A: To chip golf balls through the rear window of the Mercury for a television commercial  
 PP: Giving kids a ride home from school  
 HPSC: Taking a seven month holiday to go to Australia  
 FS: Nice shot George!  
 P: Golf, golf, practicing golf  
 TYFN: Ten years older  
 FS: Money isn't everything but it's a good start

DON GIBSON  
 A: Hermit  
 HPSC: Vicki  
 P: Cars  
 PP: Guys who touch up coupes  
 FS: Just got another car  
 UD: O.A.C.





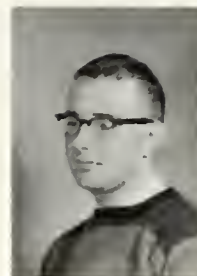


KARL GONNSEN

A: Conductor of New York Philharmonic Orchestra  
UD: Playing 3rd Fish Horn with the Budapest String Combo  
HPSC: Almost getting a basket in the Last B.B. Game last year  
FS: Black Ball in the end  
P: None  
TYFN: I hope I live that long  
FR: PLSTSLXNB

JOHN HALL

A: Just once to pound out this individual  
UD: To succumb to said blows  
PP: Repeated blows to the upper body by one fuzzy-headed individual  
HPSC: Coming soon now, I hope  
FS: Will you clown off, Wallace  
P: Ducking blows to the shoulder, building cloud chambers  
TYFN: Most highly educated stale bagel tester in the country



MIKE HALL

HPSC: Passing Grade 13 Algebra  
P: Music  
FS: "Have you got those observations down Gonnensen?"  
UD: Riding handcar for the C. P. R.  
TYFN: Janitor in Carnegie Hall



BRIAN HAWKINS

A: To become a true Prime Minister by being able to waggle my jewels as efficiently as Diefenbaker  
UD: To be killed at the age of 101 by a jealous husband  
PP: The St. Mary's honeys  
HPSC: Seeing "Ralph" in tails  
FS: This school is becoming a dictatorship  
P: Student parliament, French tutoring, listening to Bell's corny jokes.  
TYFN: Taking lessons from John Diefenbaker on "Jewel Wagging"  
FR: If these have been the happiest years of my life, won't someone please help me!!!

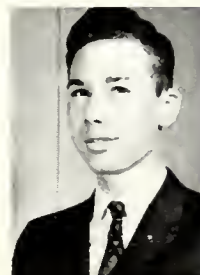


JIM IVORENKO

UD: Flunking Geometry  
PP: No mirror in the boys' washroom  
FS: Nice tread  
TYFN: Trying to pass Geometry

JOHN JAMIESON

A: R. M. C. Navy  
UD: Deckhand on C. S. L. freighter  
PP: People who open darkroom doors without knocking  
FS: Don't turn that light on!!  
P: Photography



JIM KIRKLAND

A: A timely and congratulated exit from High School  
PP: Waiting in Trig class after the lunch bell rings  
HPSC: It comes every day at 3:15  
FS: I still don't understand why!  
P: Repairing the broken parts of an unfailable Mercedes Benz.  
TYFN: I will be ten years older and still don't understand why!  
FR: Will somebody build a university that doesn't require a language



BILL LOOSLEY

A: It all depends  
UD: Below 4 wheels the "Players 200"  
PP: After-school hero drivers  
HPSC: President of Swahili Club  
FS: C'est vrai?  
P: Trying to get on the "town bus"  
TYFN: Trying to get off the "town bus"  
FR: It takes skill



ROBIN MacGREGOR

UD: Business career  
HPSC: Participation in school band  
P: Pools "would be" Willy Mosconi  
PP: A straight line  
FS: "I was sick that day"  
TYFN: Geometry Teacher

JOHN MARTIN

A: To be a millionaire  
UD: Working for a millionaire and wasting my money on horses.  
P: Riding and training horses, skiing, basketball, football  
FR: It doesn't matter that you don't like the party -- you gotta dance man! ... George Enns.





BILL MUIR  
UD: Senator  
HPSC: If there had been one I have failed to realize it  
P: Golf, racing, chess, skiing  
PP: The year book  
FS: Later



MIKE PICKETT  
UD: Senator  
HPSC: Waking up before 3:15 one day  
PP: 8 o'clock bus  
FS: I wouldn't believe it if I didn't know it was true  
TYFN: Back in the old country



ERIC POOLE  
UD: Stableboy  
HPSC: Finishing grade 13  
P: Riding and schooling horses, basketball, Gamma Delta Psi  
FR: "It doesn't matter that you don't like the party, you gotta dance man".... George Enns



GEORGE RUNG  
A: U. of T.  
UD: Treating metre stick bruises from 201  
PP: Cloud chambers that don't work  
HPSC: Christmas Trig. exam  
FS: Nice head, Don  
P: Golf, getting rides home, football  
TYFN: Trying to make a cloud chamber that works  
FR: It could be worse



JOAN SEARLE  
A: To pass English  
UD: Marriage  
PP: Finger-pointers  
HPSC: Getting here!  
P: Westdale boys; homework; Ken  
TYFN: Good-bye



DAVE SELLERS  
A: Geography at Queens  
UD: Back here next year  
PP: Pool halls that are full  
P: Spending valuable girl time at the job  
FS: "Nice head George"  
TYFN: Pool shark  
FR: It came close to corner pockey didn't it?



RICHARD SIMMONS  
A: To be learned (as Mr. Sloan) wise (as Mr. Stevenson) and likeable (as Mr. Baxter)  
UD: The bottom of the pile -- a teacher  
PP: Only one spare a week  
HPSC: How high can one go?  
FS: Are you here today, Wayne?  
P: In my dictionary it's spelled Past times  
TYFN: Trying to find a practical use for a parabola  
F: I froze in Mr. Sloan's class, boiled in Mr. Page's and failed in Mr. Wright's but I was happy



PEG SMITH  
A: To write the Great American Novel  
UD: Copy-girl for the Gazette  
FS: I knew I shouldn't take this course  
HPSC: The day the curtain opened and knocked my music off stage  
PP: The boys who open the curtains  
TYFN: At this rate -- 6' under  
FR: With the optimistic outlook that these remarks are final - good-bye



WAYNE STRUTT  
A: First Canadian world championship driver  
UD: Watching the First Canadian world championship driver  
PP: Slippery roads with curbs. homework  
HPSC: Is yet to come  
FS: An 850 will still outcorner it  
P: Running for the bus every morning  
TYFN: Still running  
FR: Don't drive past a teacher, drive through him

WYNN TAYLOR  
A: Saint  
UD: Boatswain's mate to Charnon on the river Styx  
pleasure cruises





**CAROL TIEFENBACK**

A: To be an airline stewardess  
UD: Marriage  
PP: Ontario's Educational System  
HPSC: Grade 10  
FS: O, that Algebra Teacher!  
P: Trying to get homework done.  
TYFN: Who knows?



**TED WALKER**

PP: Orest M. Chris Walker?  
TYFN: Why are all my secretaries always getting sick?  
UD: A cure for examitis



**LARRY WALLACE**

A: Head research chemist at Dupont  
UD: Test tube washer  
PP: Geometry teachers who nail me with obscure theorems  
HPSC: At stake in last year's Music Night  
FS: How much homework didn't you do last night, Paul?  
TYFN: P.H.D. in test-tube washing



**HERB PROUDLEY**

A: Civil engineering at Waterloo  
UD: Ditch digger  
PP: Too much homework  
HPSC: Grade 12 Graduation Ceremonies  
P: Model aircraft-flying and statistics  
TYFN: Probably still struggling in university



**GILLIAN ADAMS**

A: To be a high school music teacher  
UD: Scrubbing floors  
PP: People who block my view  
FS: Is that right? "Wow", "Here he comes"  
P: Sitting on bench at 8:30 a.m. (In main corridor) singing  
TYFN: Still going to University  
FR: I'll be back

**DIANNE BARR**

A: Pushing pills  
UD: Pushing bed pans  
PP: Shoes  
HPSC: "O"  
FS: "Guess what?"  
P: Don. eating, dieting  
FR: Good-bye



**MARGUERITE BOLGER**

A: To be a nurse  
UD: Being chief bed pan carrier  
PP: Trying to write answers on the top of the blackboard  
HPSC: Coming to Nelson  
FS: "Gee, sir. I don't see why my answer isn't right."  
P: Babysitting; volunteer worker at Joseph Brant Hospital, bowling -- of a sort!  
TYFN: Being a mother like all the rest  
FR: My first year at Nelson has been great. but like all the rest, I'm glad it's over



**TED BERRY**

A: To find out that W = F S  
UD: Collecting ear wax for fun and profit  
PP: I never had one of those but I had a bol weave! who could weave cotton  
HPSC: None, they are all low!  
FS: "Shape up!" "Pay attention boy!"  
P: Studying for exams, singing, and many other interesting things  
TYFN: Amber-haired



**TERRY CAMPBELL**

A: I wish to loaf and to relax  
UD: And never pay my income tax  
PP: O, I shall work and slave and sweat  
UD: And pay my income tax, you bet!  
PP: I'm like a broke financier  
With questions I can't answer:  
My feelings then I shall not hide.  
I want to be a suicide.

**ROY CROWTHER**

A: Chemical Engineer  
UD: Subterranean Engineer  
PP: Blacklock's comma  
HPSC: Leaving Danforth Tech & Humber side  
FS: Robertson. I'm a new man -- and I mean it!  
P: Almost playing foot ball -- like twice  
TYTN: Doomed!  
FR: I'll make it yet







JOE DRAKE, JR.  
 UD: Leaving school, going to work  
 A: None  
 HPSC: Going to Europe  
 P: No comment  
 PP: Admit slips  
 FS: Quid me Vexare  
 TYFN: Teaching French



PENNI FISHER  
 A: Head nurse of men's ward  
 UD: Orderly in maternity  
 PP: A certain English student's bony knees  
 P: Skiing, sorority, dating--homework in between  
 FS: Censored  
 FR: Five down, five to go  
 TYFN: Completely independent  
 HPSC: Spring Concert, 1961

MEG. GUDGEON  
 A: A micro-biologist  
 VS: A Home Ec. Teacher  
 FS: I don't know  
 PP: Not having any lunches, hunger pains in Latin  
 HPSC: Winning 4 track & field championships in a row  
 TYFN: Still trying to figure out what I don't know  
 FR: I still don't know



JANE HAGEN  
 A: U. of T., Dental Hygiene  
 UD: Raising clarinet players for the R.C.M.P. Band  
 PP: Second pages of exam papers  
 HPSC: Eating pizza with Mr. LeRoy at Mr. Whetstone's desk  
 FS: Don't call me that, Dawes!  
 P: Gord, Burlington Band, Cheerleading, Sorority  
 TYFN: Trying to fit one more into our Healey  
 FR: I'll be back (for the Christmas Party!)



DICK HAMER  
 A: Lawyer  
 UD: Office boy for Perry Mason  
 PP: Pool sharks  
 HPSC: Winning an argument over A.T.  
 FS: You're trying, very trying  
 P: Fraternity, sports

CAROL HAYDEN  
 A: Ana Heigvitt II  
 UD: Que Sera Sera  
 PP: Compulsory attendance at school  
 HPSC: Christmas, Easter, Summer  
 FS: Hiya woman  
 P: Waiting for weekends, skiing, sorority  
 FR: See you next year!



JANET HAYWARD  
 A: To be a teacher  
 UD: Raising Chucklets  
 PP: Cabinet brainstorm, "teaching Zoology classes"  
 HPSC: Getting on airplane from Santa Gelly -- being Captain of Senior Cheerleaders  
 FS: Keep smiling!  
 P: Chuck, cheerleading, trying to catch my bus  
 TYFN: Trying to fit my baseball team in the ME midget  
 FR: It was weird, wild and wearisome while it lasted but it's wonderful that it's over



BOB HENDERSON  
 A: To travel the continent with a lowette  
 UD: Having headaches for Bufferin commercials  
 PP: People who don't see things my way  
 HPSC: The day that the school almost blew up  
 FS: Get off my back, Pryde!  
 P: Girls, music, billiards  
 TYFN: Collecting unemployment insurance  
 FR: You can fool some of the teachers all of the time and all of the teachers some of the time, but you can't fool all of the teachers all of the time



RICK MARTIN  
 A: To be enrolled in McMaster  
 UD: Being enrolled at Mac  
 PP: Teachers with meter sticks Bucket seats  
 HPSC: Passing thirteen finals  
 FS: Ain't that a P...  
 P: Music and girls  
 TYFN: Graduating from Mac  
 FR: If I stay here another year I'll be teaching the subjects

VICKI PICKERING  
 A: Marriage  
 PP: Boys from out of town  
 FS: Who got their Algebra homework done?  
 UD: Still doing Algebra  
 HPSC: Getting this far







#### ED HOVANEC

UD: FJunking, finger painting at Art College  
 A: Advertising Art Executive  
 HPSC: Getting accepted at Art College in the middle of Grade 13  
 P: "Conqueror" Drum Corps, Hamilton  
 PP: People who dot capital I's  
 FS: I'm going to spare now

#### TOM RICHARDSON

A: Playing for Jake  
 UD: Playing with Jackie  
 PP: People who let school interfere with their education  
 HPSC: Santa's Playboy Award  
 FS: Is that RIGHT! . . . Not too nice!  
 P: Trying to maintain reputation as "fine up-standing young lad"  
 TYFN: If I knew I'd tell you  
 FR: Nelson has given me many memories which I will cherish for the rest of my life



#### CAROLYN RYZNAR

A: Interior Decorator  
 UD: Painting pictures on washroom wall  
 PP: Smudgy Contacts  
 HPSC: Winning office of Minister of Social Affairs  
 FS: "I is for Riz"  
 P: Skiing, painting, swimming, Norm?  
 TYFN: Decorating the American Embassy in Ottawa  
 FR: Canada is great!



#### ROSE SADOWEY

A: Immediate: To get marks good enough for Western or U. of T.  
 Future: A university degree and all that comes with it  
 PP: A five minute lunch  
 HPSC: Graduation  
 P: Homework, long-range assignments, worry-ing  
 FR: Hard work has its due reward  
 SA: Year Book, School Newspaper, Honour Society, Senior and Junior Bands, Basketball Volleyball Coach, Choir



#### ROBERT SEWELL

A: To become a school teacher  
 UD: To become a school teacher at Nelson  
 PP: Upper School Final (Departmental) examinations should be abolished. Any student who has managed to survive a year of Grade 13, with its mountains of homework and Analytic Geometry "cribs" should automatically be granted a diploma  
 HPSC: I feel that my high point occurred last year during one of the 10 minute breaks that we had just before Mr. Page's Grade 13 chemistry class started. Doug Bruce and I pushed Dave Batzold out the window into a snow drift.  
 FS: The South will rise again!!

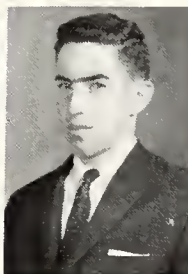
#### EVE ALDIS

A: To visit a Ray of sunlight in Connecticut  
 UD: Trying to keep my hair out of my eyes  
 PP: People who say Hi to me and I don't know them  
 HPSC: The day I had to do "Little Bop" at another high school and didn't have my bloomers!  
 FS: You're going to get such a hit!  
 P: Learning how to drive  
 TYFN: Still writing with an empty pen  
 FR: But I don't see!



#### JENNIFER AMOR

A: To restore the colonies to Imperial rule  
 UD: Deportation to Antartica  
 PP: The temperature in Mrs. Moyer's refrigerator room.  
 HPSC: Arriving 3:10 - just in time for the last five minutes of spare  
 FS: "Who are you going to invite, Nell?"  
 P: Catching up on lost sleep, art club, year book, rehearsals, school newspaper, getting lost on the way to Mac's residences, clown-ing in spare.  
 TYFN: Still pushing my car down to Mexico  
 FR: Amor vincit Omnia!



#### TED BALL

A: To pass Grade 13  
 UD: Failing  
 PP: Mechanical errors  
 HPSC: Passing Grade 13 Algebra  
 FS: "Oh Well."  
 P: Coin collecting and playing hockey  
 FR: See you later  
 TYFN: Chartered Accountant



#### LYNDA BARTLETT

A: To do something worthwhile  
 UD: Stuck in the kitchen  
 PP: Foggy glasses  
 HPSC: Grade twelve  
 FS: Come on you guys  
 P: Youth for Christ, Brownies, Guides, Rangers  
 TYFN: Ten years older  
 FR: It was only a sunny smile, and little it cost in the giving, but it shattered the night, and made the day worth living

#### SUSAN BOUSKILL

A: To catch up with the class  
 PP: Spending 3 months in the hospital  
 TYFN: Marriage  
 FS: Will I ever get these notes copied?  
 FR: Don't ever go into the hospital during school months!





# DOUGLAS R. BRUCE

A: Is to get to Anchorage, Alaska  
 PP: Languages (English, German)  
 HPSC: Passing Grade 13 English & German  
 FS: It's not cold out!  
 P: Hunting, fishing, D. King  
 TYFN: Own my own surveying business in Anchorage  
 NN: Polar Bear

# DOUG BROWN

A: U. of T., to visit Europe  
 UD: Getting locked in the Louvre  
 PP: Cold seats chez Mme. Moyer, also the cold  
 stares  
 HPSC: School play '63  
 FS: You gotta be kidding!  
 P: Music, dramatics  
 TYFN: If I knew that, life wouldn't be interesting.  
 FR: It has been great but I can hardly wait to get  
 out.



# SUE CARLTON

A: To teach.... "the anatomy of the bird."  
 UD: Raising pigeons  
 PP: People who isolate my friends  
 HPSC: Dropping Math.  
 FS: Anytime Seeub....  
 P: Learning the Thalidomide Stomp  
 TYFN: Squaw of Injun---  
 FR: Gobble, Gobble!!



# SHARRON CRAWFORD

A: Hamilton Teacher's College  
 UD: Growing taller than my sisters  
 PP: Those tenth periods  
 HPSC: Playing a daffodil in the Nutcracker Suite  
 FS: Oh Fab!  
 P: Tobogganing, skating, basketball games,  
 talking to Jena on the phone  
 TYFN: Your guess is as good as mine  
 FR: Always put off today what you can do tomorrow



# DIANE DAWES

A: Dental Hygienist  
 UD: Guinea pig for "Gleem" tooth paste tests  
 PP: Fat fingers, long fingernails, tenth period  
 HPSC: June 13, 1963  
 P: Alpha Beta Gemma; Gemma Delta Psi; fighting  
 TYFN: Raising a herd  
 FR: "Good Luck Browner - you'll need it!"

# LINDA FARLEY

A: Professional teeth-cleaner  
 PP: Ten minute lunch periods  
 HPSC: The day I climbed the flagpole  
 FS: Was the homework very hard last night?  
 P: Skiing, riding, and then recuperating  
 TYFN: "I never was an optimist"  
 FR: "I want out!"



# ANDREA FRENCH

A: To go to Western next fall  
 PP: People who call me Adrian or Andy  
 HPSC: Going to New York last Easter  
 FS: I'm hungry!  
 P: Tennis, horse-back riding  
 TYFN: How am I supposed to know?



# FRAN GORDON

A: PASS FRENCH!!!!  
 UD: Knocking knowledge into noggin's  
 PP: OH! David!  
 HPSC: Passing a French Test  
 FS: David told me another joke  
 P: McMaster!  
 TYFN: Waiting for the dinner with Mrs. Moyer  
 FR: Au revoir (French!!!)



# SHERYN INGRAM

A: R.N. Overseas  
 UD: Bandaging Bill's hand  
 PP: A certain someone calling me Tubby  
 HPSC: Passing grade 12 chemistry without textbook  
 FS: "But, he's not picking me up tonight."  
 P: "Cedar Springs Ski Club" curling  
 MOS: In a "dinted" blue Fairlane  
 FR: Excitement, here I come!

# NELLY JEENINGA

A: McMaster, Here I come!  
 UD: Running a diaper service.  
 PP: People who take tips off bobbi pins  
 HPSC: The summer vacation  
 FS: Well, who are you going to invite, Jennifer?  
 P: Dreaming of the summer holidays  
 TYFN: Oh no! Not another grey hair!  
 FR: You wait and see; I'll gain those twenty  
 pounds yet.







DOUG KARR  
 A: To be 21  
 UD: To die at 20  
 PP: People who hate Trimble  
 HPSC: Passing Grade 12  
 FS: "Ok, who's got my keys?"  
 P: 1. spelling Waterdown N-E-L-S-O-N  
 2. 36-24-36  
 TYFN: Fender repairman  
 FR: I would 've been more serious but I'll be doing this next year anyway.



DAVE KEMP  
 UD: Marriage  
 PP: People who bother me about my pet peeves  
 HPSC: Completing Grade 13  
 FS: "Swinging"  
 P: "Flea"  
 TYFN: Give you the answer in 10 years  
 FR: "Diligens Providens"



RICHARD LaFLESHE  
 A: To be happy, gay, and carefree  
 UD: To become unhappy, sullen and responsible  
 PP: People who say, "Good-morning," on Monday  
 HPSC: Finally convincing people that I was born this way  
 FS: "Nice guy"  
 P: Going to the pool-hall  
 FR: Gee, I hope somebody writes me an exceptional obituary



ELAINE MAWSON  
 A: What's that?  
 UD: Wife of a rich ditch digger with two children  
 PP: Boys who - play golf all summer  
 - watch hockey all winter  
 P: Working, homework, fighting with Bob  
 FS: "Here he comes, Vicki."  
 TYFN: Your guess is as good as mine  
 FR: C'est la vie.  
 But it was great.



HARRIET MORNINGSTAR  
 A: To visit someone at Boston U. in '64  
 UD: One Sunbeam and one M.G.A.  
 PP: "Honey"  
 HPSC: New Year's Eve  
 FS: Look what Jim gave me!  
 P: Going shopping at A&P with you know who!  
 TYFN: James knows  
 FR: I'm so happy!

CAROLYNNE PATTISON  
 A: To pass 13; then I'll teach!  
 UD: Teaching in Northern Siberia  
 PP: Tripping over Doug's feet; Nelson's heating system, and dissecting  
 HPSC: Passing Grade 12 Algebra  
 FS: "I can't help it if I'm little."  
 P: Freezing in French; sewing; laughing at Frannie and Lynda  
 TYFN: Wait and see!  
 FR: I guess I'd still do it all over again --- but differently!"



LINDA PELLETTERIO  
 A: A specialist in male psychology  
 UD: Marrying a psychiatrist  
 PP: J. Amor's "so-called driving."  
 HPSC: Running into the drums at Grade 12 Commencement  
 FS: "Sir, I'm confused."  
 P: Getting un-confused; arguing in support of the best  
 TYFN: 27 years old  
 FR: Look out, world, they set me free!



GORD PRICE  
 A: At present to be able to take 10 months with the RCMP so that I can patrol the Yukon  
 UD: Being a student pensioner  
 PP: Unsentimental musicians; bells in middle of periods, screechy P.A. systems  
 HPSC: Friday Music Night '61 Finlandia  
 FS: "Mom and Dad, guess what happened to the Renault last night while I was driving it!"  
 P: Music; fast cars; wrestling  
 TYFN: Who says we will be here ten years from now?  
 FR: To find a very good pest repellent preferably in a handy spray bomb container



JAMES ROSS  
 A: To keep that Morningstar shining bright  
 UD: Astronomer -- watching that Morningstar  
 PP: Being moved (away from Harriet) in history class  
 HPSC: The same New Year's Eve  
 FS: Gracious!!  
 P: We wonder....  
 TYFN: Who cares about the future?  
 FR: What? Not handcuffs!

HELENE SCHUBERT  
 A: To be a nurse and start my own weekly television show  
 UD: Living with "the woman" and raising kids for our orphanage  
 PP: Being isolated in study periods  
 HPSC: Nil  
 FS: Anytime. See--  
 P: Doing the "Thalidomide Stomp"  
 TYFN: Living on a turkey farm  
 FR: What happiness!







#### TRUDI SCOTT

A: To be a university graduate  
 UD: Lost in a blizzard just outside the back door of cafeteria  
 PP: Irrational numbers, lunch hours, etc.  
 HPSC: Writing a paragraph describing Toronto in terms of food  
 FS: "I just had lunch"  
 P: Remembering where I am to sit in certain studies  
 TYFN: I'll be twenty-eight  
 FR: Is this really going to be published?

#### JOANNE SLESSOR

A: Only nurse in an Arctic outpost  
 UD: No patients!  
 PP: Endless 10th periods, certain colour combinations  
 HPSC: Coming to Nelson, or no such animal  
 FS: "Hit me on the back, Smith!"  
 P: Hockey games, eating doughnuts, laughing at Fran's secondhand jokes  
 TYFN: Still eating, laughing and watching...!!  
 FR: T'was nice while it lasted--but--



#### LYNDA SMITH

A: To heal the sick -- mainly teachers  
 UD: To marry a teacher  
 PP: People who say I look like my sister  
 P: Choir, basketball, Rangers, badminton and laughing?  
 HPSC: Knocking Mr. Katz over in Trig class  
 FS: "I didn't know I was so strong!"  
 TYFN: Hospital-hopping in Europe  
 FR: "What Nelson is losing, Hamilton General is gaining"



#### VICKI SMITH

A: To get my degree in Fine Art  
 UD: Digging up Ruins  
 PP: Cabinet brainstorm, Zoo. class  
 HPSC: Watkins Glen 1962. Student Parliament 1962  
 FS: "Tubby, I want to go to Western!"  
 P: Skiing, walking with children, hunting--  
 TYFN: What are the odds at U. of T.  
 FR: Who Elaine?



#### MARK SUTHERS

HPSC: 25 in English Literature  
 P: Censored  
 PP: Blake's Cameo  
 FS: Do you really want to know?  
 UD: Who knows?  
 TYFN: Graduating

#### LINDA TAPLEY

A: To become a nurse at K.G.H.  
 UD: Cheering those handsome interns on to victory  
 PP: Freezing classrooms  
 HPSC: 1961 Spring Concert  
 P: Cheerleading, curling, swimming, and music  
 TYFN: Chief cook and diaper changer  
 FR: It was nice but I'm glad it's all over



#### LISA TAYLOR

A: To be a success and enjoy life to the fullest possible extent  
 UD: Selling school blazers  
 PP: Waiting around Nelson for a certain little sister  
 HPSC: Meeting a certain J.F.K.  
 FS: Hey---you know what?  
 P: All sports, G.A.A., Cheerleaders  
 TYFN: Doing social service work in darkest Africa  
 FR: See you at Vic



#### JOYCE VAN DER LINDEN

A: Une Vie like fille  
 UD: Housewife with six kids  
 PP: Ron! Ron! Ron! (and Jennifer)  
 HPSC: Walking into the wrong math class with the wrong teacher in the wrong period  
 FS: Full full full full full  
 P: Drama Club, longing for male companionship, art club  
 TYFN: A grandmother three times over  
 FR: "I shall return!"



#### FLORENCE VANDERVEFN

A: To become an airline stewardess  
 UD: Singing lullabies in four languages  
 PP: 10th periods, shy, short boys  
 HPSC: June 13th, 1963, (I hope)  
 FS: Work hard now, so you won't regret it in the summer!  
 P: Skating, swimming and homework  
 TYFN: You name it, I'll be there; either flying in the sun, wonder or keeping house for a certain man  
 FR: ...trying! Its worth it!

#### DIANE WELLS

A: To find true happiness; whatever that is  
 UD: I don't know, but I like surprises anyway  
 PP: People who say "refer back"  
 HPSC: Getting spanked by my kindergarten teacher  
 FS: What room do we get German in now?  
 P: Sleeping and trying to sleep  
 TYFN: Ten years older, I hope  
 FR: Funny, how time slips away





WENDY ARBUTHNOTT  
A: Secondary school teacher  
UD: Blackboard brush cleaner  
PP: Having lunch hours changed involuntarily  
HPSC: 97 per cent in Latin  
FS: "You'll never know!"  
P: School, home  
TYFN: Janitress at Nelson.



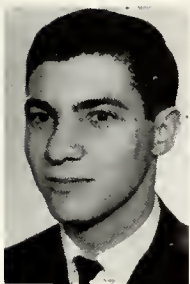
MURRAY ASPDEN  
UD: Married  
A: Test tube washer  
HPSC: June 13, 1963  
P: The birds and the bees  
PP: Teachers who fall asleep in Trig Class  
FS: Strictly for the birds  
TYFN: See me then



BARBARA BARLOW  
UD: Sweet, loving, unmarried old hag  
A: Sweet loving wife  
HPSC: Enjoying geometry for 2 years  
P: Liking boys  
PP: MEN  
FS: Hello Sweetheart  
TYFN: Concentrating on a husband



JIM BLAKE  
FS: Goodbye, girls  
A: Pass Grade 12  
UD: Bachelor Romeo  
TYFN: Still avoiding Sharon  
HPSC: Meeting the girls



BOB CLARKE  
A: M. D.  
UD: Dissecting worms in zoo. class  
HPSC: Passing grade 10 Latin  
FS: "Izzat right?"  
P: Music, a certain small brunette  
TYFN: Doctor with Royal Canadian Navy - Admiral of the vessels on the second floor  
PP: Latin tests  
FR: As I attempt to leave with you an example of my most sparkling eloquence, I remember an old saying: "It often demonstrates a fine command of language to say nothing."

JAN COULSON  
A: Nursing at Archer Memorial (that's in Alberta kids!)  
UD: "Mushing" in the land of the Midnight sun.  
PP: Drippy(?) Zoo. classes; paying record bills; trying to prove Jim's my twin  
HPSC: Being a can-can girl  
FS: Well? Well! Well!  
P: Drinking coffee; running for the bus in the morning; trying to find a bus seat at night  
TYFN: "Hush son, it's just the wolves howling."  
FR: "Come West, young man! Come West!"



GRANT DIXON  
A: To tell a funny joke  
UD: First and only colonist of the moon  
PP: Boys in skirts  
HPSC: The day of the bomb scare  
FS: Want to hear a joke?  
P: Star gazing on cloudy nights  
TYFN: Prisoner of the second battle of the Bay of Pigs  
FR: The End



PETER FRAISS  
A: Chemist  
UD: Mad scientist  
PP: "Oh, why didn't you take Macbeth last year?"  
HPSC: Was nominated as class treasurer in grade 10 (but lost)  
P: Telling Dieter what Algebra or Physics homework we have.  
FR: My remarks are never final! (I always change my mind)



DAN FREEMAN  
A: Doing the lighting for the Metropolitan Opera Company  
UD: Changing burnt-out bulbs at Westinghouse  
PP: Bulbs that burn out, sleeping Trig teachers.  
HPSC: Doing lighting for the play "Our Town"  
FS: "Dem's the breaks"  
P: Stage, a certain girl, homework, guns  
TYFN: Driving a 1973 Lincoln  
FR: "Ye Gods!"

PAT GILLMOUR  
UD: Latrine - cleaner at Pow-Wow Point  
HPSC: Not tripping over the carpet at Grade 12 Commencement  
P: Knitting mohair sweaters  
PP: People who tell me to cut my hair  
FS: You mean you're actually staying for lunch Lizzie?  
TYFN: Hand-holder at Milton Children's Aid Society





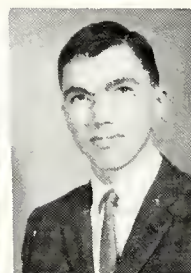


BRIAN GREEN  
 A: To work for Electronics  
 UD: Chicken farmer  
 HPSC: To be out of school  
 FS: You'll get over it  
 P: Skiing  
 TYFN: Skiing  
 FR: Allow for some change in later years

PAUL HARTLEY  
 A: To prove  $2 \times 2 = 3$   
 UD: Only person to appear on Grad Page for five successive years  
 PP:  $2 \times 2 = 4$   
 HPSC: Still waiting  
 FS: Where are you going now Ed?  
 P: A certain Aldershot Cheerleader  
 TYFN: 1973



SANDI HOPKINS  
 A: Laboratory at Joseph Brant Hospital  
 UD: Floor washer at Joseph Brant Hospital  
 PP: Mirror-hoggers in the washroom  
 HPSC: Passing grade 12 algebra  
 FS: "But Sir! I don't need my glasses on." "Hurry up, Sue!"  
 P: Waiting for Sue to comb her hair  
 TYFN: Raising little parachute jumpers



MIKE IRELAND  
 A: Veterinarian  
 UD: Butcher  
 HPSC: Being a member of Royal York Senior Football team and winning the Etobicoke Senior Football Championship, 1962  
 FS: Holy Baldy  
 P: Golf, hockey, football  
 TYFN: ?



HUGH IRVINE  
 PP: People who throw pennies on the ice  
 A: It might be helpful to have one  
 FS: What's this nonsense?

LILY LaCOUR  
 A: Public School Teacher  
 UD: Who knows?  
 PP: Losing 5th lunch period on Wednesdays. Blushing.  
 HPSC: Receiving my 12 diploma  
 FS: "I'm sorry."  
 P: Young Peoples, Swimming, Skating, School and work  
 TYFN: I wonder myself  
 FR: They were five long, long years.  
 On the Twelfth Night, Julius Caesar sent a message to The Merchant of Venice saying that Hamlet and Henry IV wanted a conference.



LYNDA LOCKIE  
 P: Trying to pass Latin  
 HPSC: Finally passing Latin  
 FS: You never know your luck  
 TYFN: Trying to get some ambitions



JOHN McKILLOP  
 UD: French scholar  
 A: To get to university  
 HPSC: Passing Grade 11 French  
 P: Sports and Girls  
 PP: Profile Sheets  
 FS: You're kidding  
 TYFN: Grade 13 Graduate



MIKE MEALING  
 A: To re-open the "LUX"  
 UD: A nervous breakdown--algebraically  
 NN: Jose  
 HPSC: Lighting the forge--"wee"  
 FS: "You're talkin' to a tough guy." "Too bad."  
 P: Hockey, waterskiing, Willowdale  
 TYFN: Hockey for the "Scobie Desert All-Stars"  
 FR: I have my faults, but being wrong isn't one of them!

RUDY METZINGER  
 A: To study Chemistry at U. of T.  
 UD: Beach comber  
 PP: Rocky beaches  
 HPSC: Getting into Grade 13  
 FS: What you get for nothing isn't worth having  
 P: You name it: girls, photography, chemistry, guns, etc.  
 TYFN: We'll cross that bridge when we come to it  
 FR: If I had to do it over again, I'd know better







**BOB CRAIG**

A: D. D. S. or whatever I'm able to swindle  
 UD: American Girls???  
 PP: Girls with big brown eyes!!!  
 HPSC: Being able to get my French book open at the same time as the other students  
 FS: Nice!!!  
 P: Football, basketball, skiing, music, wine, women and song  
 TYFN: Riding the "Handcar" for C. P. R.  
 FR: "As I think of my five wonderful years at Nelson, I've often wondered what I've accomplished."

**JOHN MONTGOMERY**

A: Being a menace to high school students' sanity -- a teacher  
 UD: Being menaced  
 PP: Being menaced, '57 flying Mo.  
 HPSC: Getting two grad pictures (this is the second)  
 FS: Une autre class de frog  
 P: Selling shirts, sox and sweaters, someone in 13C  
 TYFN: Selling shirts, sox and sweaters, etc.  
 FR: Sorry, Mr. Blakelock, but I had to work and have my car done.



**LANGLEY MUIR**

A: Naval Pilot  
 P: Reading, Scuba diving, gymnastics  
 FS: I just thought up a new vault for you to try  
 HPSC: Sossa Gymnastics Champion '61-'62  
 TYFN: Trying to get out of grade 13



**PAUL NEWBY**

A: To meet Melvin Cowynofski  
 UD: Collecting tail-feathers from Dodo birds  
 PP: Swinging doors and shiny silver chalk-holders  
 HPSC: The boys' change room  
 FS: A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou beside me, and pretty soon I'll be fat, drunk and in trouble  
 P: Picking flies out of motor-cyclists' teeth  
 TYFN: Picking up the pieces  
 FR: Thank goodness it's Friday



**KENT PHILLIPS**

A: To play chess for a living  
 HPSC: Leaving  
 P: Chess and Judo Clubs  
 PP: Exams

**TOM PRYDE**

FR: As I feel there is nothing worthwhile to say in this immoral publication, I will say nothing but Bonne Chance to Everyone.



**DIETER PUDWILL**

A: Obtaining a PhD in bootlegging  
 PP: English Composition first two periods on Mondays  
 FS: It's been a long time, perhaps a little too long  
 HPSC: Leaving  
 TYFN: Manager of Molson's Breweries



**RANDY RICHARDSON**

A: A loyal "Buddy" of Dr. Bob Clarke  
 UD: Writing translations of Biology text  
 PP: A certain June Bug  
 HPSC: Graduation  
 FS: "Bob -- what Latin are you taking?"  
 P: Pat. Field and Patti Ruttan  
 TYFN: Picking up apples for Mrs. Moyer  
 FR: "Why didn't I pass the first time, Mr. Baxter?"



**ADELE RIVERS**

A: Nurse in Alberta with Janet  
 UD: Sitting up nights waiting for my doctor to come home.  
 PP: Sitting in cold school rooms trying to concentrate  
 HPSC: Passing chemistry and algebra  
 FS: "You're kidding!?"  
 P: Fighting with Meg in the halls

**BILL ROBERTSON**

A: Cruising south seas (in more ways than 1)  
 UD: Having my roving days ended by one of those lovely south sea reefs  
 PP: Playing goal for players who just love to lift the puck head high  
 HPSC: Being recommended in French  
 FS: Come off it Crouthers, you'll never reform your wicked ways  
 TYFN: Battling my way through my children's homework  
 FR: "Lasciate oqui speranza, voi ch'entrate," "le treizieme"





JACK RUTIAN  
UD: Lumberjack  
P: Watching television  
A: To strangle the guy who took this picture  
HPSC: It hasn't come yet  
TYFN: Dead



JOHN SALVISBURG  
A: None  
P: Sports cars, Gamma Sigma Frat.  
PP: Educational System, Homework  
FS: I didn't do my Homework because.  
TYFN: Teaching German



TERRY SMITH  
A: Medicine - Psychiatry  
UD: Hospital Orderly  
PP: Studying and homework  
HPSC: Leaving at 3:15  
FS: "Go play on the Skyway"  
P: Hockey, football, music  
TYFN: Headshrinker in Africa



RICK TAYLOR  
A: To pass French  
PP: 2nd period lunches  
HPSC: A week in Montreal  
PP: Fraternity and Saturday nights  
TYFN: Lawyer, if the world lasts that long  
FR: "The trouble with trying to 'get away from it all' these days is that most of it is portable!"



PETER VANDERBOOM  
A: Research Chemist  
HPSC: Passing Geometry  
P: Judo, swimming, etc.  
PP: Geometry  
FS: How's life?  
UD: Test-tube washer  
TYFN: Who knows?

LIZ WALKER  
A: To be acclaimed as Hollywood's "Liz 2nd"  
UD: Your friendly Vita-meata-vegenen girl  
PP: Dear who don't know where they're going  
HPSC: Playing Doug Brown's wife in "Orange Blossom"  
FS: "Well, what's next, group?"  
P: Watching late movies, making like Alan Sherman, writing Sir Laurence Olivier, trying to write like Hemingway.  
TYFN: Relishing the joys of motherhood.



MAC YUILE  
A: Leaving High School  
UD: College in five or six years  
PP: "Is Emily working to-day"  
HPSC: June 7, 1963 (Last day)  
FS: "Who wants to take the lessons I'm teaching at Glen Eden"  
P: Working on Emily, skiing  
TYFN: Working on my own  
FR: Good-bye Nelson



ANDY TOTH  
A: To pass Grade 12 German  
UD: Still in Room 111  
HPSC: Doing 2-1/2 hour Zoology Examination in 1 hr  
TYFN: To leave Nelson with a diploma  
FS: What German homework did we have?



DAVE BROWN  
A: 4 years O. A. C. in Toronto. Study Commercial Art  
PP: Being polite to people who expect you to be polite  
HPSC: 3:15  
FS: Blessed are they that run around in circles, For they shall be known as big wheels  
P: Part-time job as TV salesman, hunting  
TYFN: I'll still be doing last night's homework  
FR: "They will ask anyone there is to ask - In the fond faith accumulated fact Will of itself take fire and light the world up Learning has been a part of their religion."

MAUREEN SANDERSON  
A: To get at the other end of the whip--  
UD: Teaching own children the ABC's of life  
PP: People who vegetate  
HPSC: Passing Grade 12 German  
FS: "What a dull world it would be if some of us weren't different"  
P: Whatever time permits  
TYFN: Teaching in the Burlington School System



## COMMERCIAL GRADS



KATHLEEN BAYNTON

A: Secretary to Bobby Curtola  
UD: Secretary to Elvis  
PP: Early school buses  
TYFN: Still trying to get Economics  
FS: What do we have for homework tonight?  
HPSC: Friday nights and June, 1963  
H: Records, dancing



ALICE BUIKEMA

A: To travel around the world  
PP: People with too much imagination  
P: That's for me to know, and for you to find out  
HPSC: Sadie Hawkins '62  
FS: Mr. E., please shut those windows?  
TYFN: Only time can tell  
UD: To spend another year in 12

JUDY COALE

P: Running the Gestetner  
A: Private secretary to Governor Rockefeller - also to make a million (even if I have to sit on the boss's knee)  
TYFN: Married to a chemical engineer graduate  
HPSC: Dropping shorthand. (Graduating)  
UD: Private secretary to a street cleaner  
PP: Doing homework (Glad there won't be any next year)  
FS: "All right, already" "How many copies?"



BEV COTNAM

A: To tour Europe in a JAGUAR  
UD: Touring Europe in a Kiddy-Car  
PT: Hacksawing  
PP: People who say I drive a sick six  
FS: Foiled again  
TYFN: Still working at Frank Chapple Ltd



CAROL DOWNTON

P: Writing letters  
PP: Not getting answers  
A: Marry L/Cpl M.W.F.  
UD: Living in Calgary  
TYFN: Raising little soldier boys  
FS: I'm glad to hear it  
HPSC: January 25, 1963

BONNIE DUDGEON

P: Waiting for S.F.  
HPSC: New York Trip  
A: Typing speed to 50 words per minute  
UD: Raising little Frizzo's  
TYFN: Married  
FS: I'll hit you!  
PP: People who can't teach math.



PAT EASTER

A: To buy a XKE  
HPSC: Getting 100 in math  
P: Driving in a red MG  
PP: People who say "Is that your brother?"  
FS: I just about croaked  
UD: Working in the Tin Mill at Stelco  
TYFN: Still paying off my XKE



DARLENE GAUNT

P: Waiting for weekends  
HPSC: Graduation  
A: Make pies for Prof. Smart  
UD: Picking up pennies with mitts on  
TYFN: Old and gray  
FS: Not really!  
PP: No mail



JUDY GRIERSON

P: Driving her mother's car  
A: To travel (get out of Burlington)  
TYFN: I don't know but you could be surprised  
HPSC: Graduating  
UD: Married to a night-watch man with 8 children living in Burlington  
PP: Having her mother's keys, when the car is at home.  
FS: "I'm not chewing gum, Sir!"

JUDY JACKSON

HPSC: Weekends  
A: Private secretary to Ben Casey  
UD: Secretary to Prof. Smart  
P: 1929 Graham Page Roadster  
TYFN: Raising little "Walls"  
FS: "But I don't know how to do it, Sir!"  
PP: Bookkeeping







STAN JONES  
 P: A certain blonde (Oakville)  
 HPSC: Backroom of 103  
 A: To be a millionaire  
 UD: Broke at 25  
 TYFN: Earning 2nd million  
 FS: Censored  
 PP: Teachers who give homework



BEV PATTERSON  
 A: Private secretary  
 UD: English teacher  
 P: Tobogganing  
 TYFN: Rich and happy  
 FS: Have you read Montmorency?  
 PP: Going home on the bus  
 HPSC: "Graduating"



HELEN RAMSHAW  
 P: Long distance telephone conversations  
 A: To be the woman behind the successful man  
 TYFN: Reading "Winnie the Pooh" to John, Jr.  
 HPSC: Back room of 103 with Carol D., Judy C. and of course Stanley J.  
 UD: Secretary  
 PP: Waiting for the bus until 4 o'clock



PAMELA TUFFORD  
 A: To have a boyfriend like Prof. Smart  
 PP: People who spend most of their time at a certain garage  
 FS: "There is nothing the matter with a Triumph"  
 HPSC: Passing Shorthand (Miracles will never cease!)  
 P: Knitting a scarf for my bowling ball  
 TYFN: Still trying to convince people that Triumphs are good cars



KAREN IRELAND  
 A: Secretary to a tinker, tailor, etc.  
 UD: Dishwasher  
 P: Enjoying our new car (Not driving it, just looking at it)  
 TYFN: Still enjoying our old car -- this time driving  
 FS: "This time we're serious. We'll get to go if it's the last thing we do."  
 PP: Trying to get into the girls washroom  
 HPSC: Graduation, 1963

#### Key to Grads

A: Ambition  
 HPSC: High Point in School Career  
 P: Pastimes  
 UD: Ultimate Doom  
 TYFN: Ten Years From Now  
 FS: Favourite Saying  
 PP: Pet Peeve  
 FR: Final Remarks



## HONOUR GRADS 1961-62

Adams, John; Agnew, David; Cain, Ralph; Cunningham Wayne; Dolbel, Fred; Dudley, Richard; Featherstone, Frederick; Ferguson, David; Fowler, Brenda; Gerhardt, Cornelia; Gibson, Donald; Golightly, Linda; Gunby, Linda; Harris, Donna; Hayward, Brian; Heyno, John; Hines, Douglas; Hounsell, Brian; Hughes, Mary Judith; Jarvis, Deanna; Johnson, Dennis; Johnson, Elizabeth Ann; Kennedy, Sandra; Kershaw, Joan; Leblovic, Nicholas; Lindley, Karen; McArthur, Jo-Anne; Martin, Richard; Mount, Sharon; Musselman, Regina; Myers, Douglas; Nemet, Andrew; Nicholson, John; Plumpton, Jack; Schaafsma, Joseph; Selby, Ruth; Singleton, Elaine; Stafford, William; Wells, Judith; Wheten, Barbara; Wiertz, Larry; Wright, Gypsy.

COMMERCIAL: Bielikow, Alla; Burden, Susanne; Charman, Dianne; Dyck, Kathleen; Hrichko, Angeline; Hume, Linda; Hunter, Marion; Jachymek, Patricia; Jones, Maureen; Leroux, Diane; Ready, Valerie; Slump, Sandra; Smith, Judith; Van Sydenborgh, Annechina; Vigneault, Rachel.

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### Nelson High School Honour Society

GRADE 13, 1961: Heinz Lycklama, Lynda Smith, Judy Wiertz, Lynne Chris, Kent Phillips, Milan Sury, Ahti Brigden, Jane Hagen, Norman Ruttan, Michael Coome, Wendy Arbuthnott, Diane Darcovich, Gilbert Johnson, Elizabeth Walker, Sharron Grivel, John Seckar, Doug Brown, Sherryl Grivel, Margaret Hewitt, Jerry Campbell, Tom O'Neill.

GRADE 12, 1961: Joyce Van der Linden, Peggy Smith, Linda Pelletterio, Wynn Taylor, Edward Conlin, Larry Wallace, Paul Newby, John Hall, Liz Dobson, George Rungi, Ann VanSydenborgh, Peter Fraiss, Linda Farley, Eric Poole, Jennifer Amor, Karl Gonnsen, Eve Aldis.

GRADE 11, 1962: Dianne Gilmore, Linda Forrest, Joan Richardson, Paul Striowski, Mary Nemet, Dale Cooper, Stuart Beaudoin, Huib Debruin, Donna Powell, Richard Toyota, Jim Burns, Ann Vale, Bill Houston, Doug Cowan, Glen Baker, Dawn Adams, Larry Castle.

GRADE 10, 1962: David Cluff, Shirley Brown, Judy Lumb, Margaret Carter, Beate Hunnius, Brenda Eke, Jane Toyota, Ken Hine, Barry Parrington, Steve Harris, James Morton, Barbara Taylor, Alan Gummo, Ann Londerville, Pat Barr, Nancy Taylor, Bram Nobels, Margaret Farley, Lorraine Leighton, Marjorie McCormack, Deborah Wallace, Johanna Buist, Margaret Oloman.

GRADE 9, 1962: Nancy Findlater, Mary Hogan, Peter Neame, Emma Bremer, Lenore Rivers, Walter Fraiss, Martin Stefani, Jim Fitz-Gerald, Marlene McCartney, Darlene Staton, Karen Wells, Valerie Eggertson, Heidi Gonnsen, Courtney Smith.



"I want to be Bobby's Girl!"



"I bet you say that to all the girls."



"Who said two can live as cheaply as one?"



"Is it true blondes have more fun?"



"What a revolting development this is "



"I don't care what anyone says, I think you're good looking "



"I like a man I can look up to."



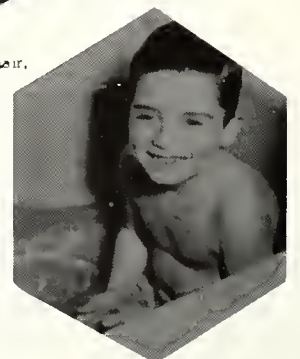
"Train now, win later."



"Yul Brynner has no hair, and he's beautiful."



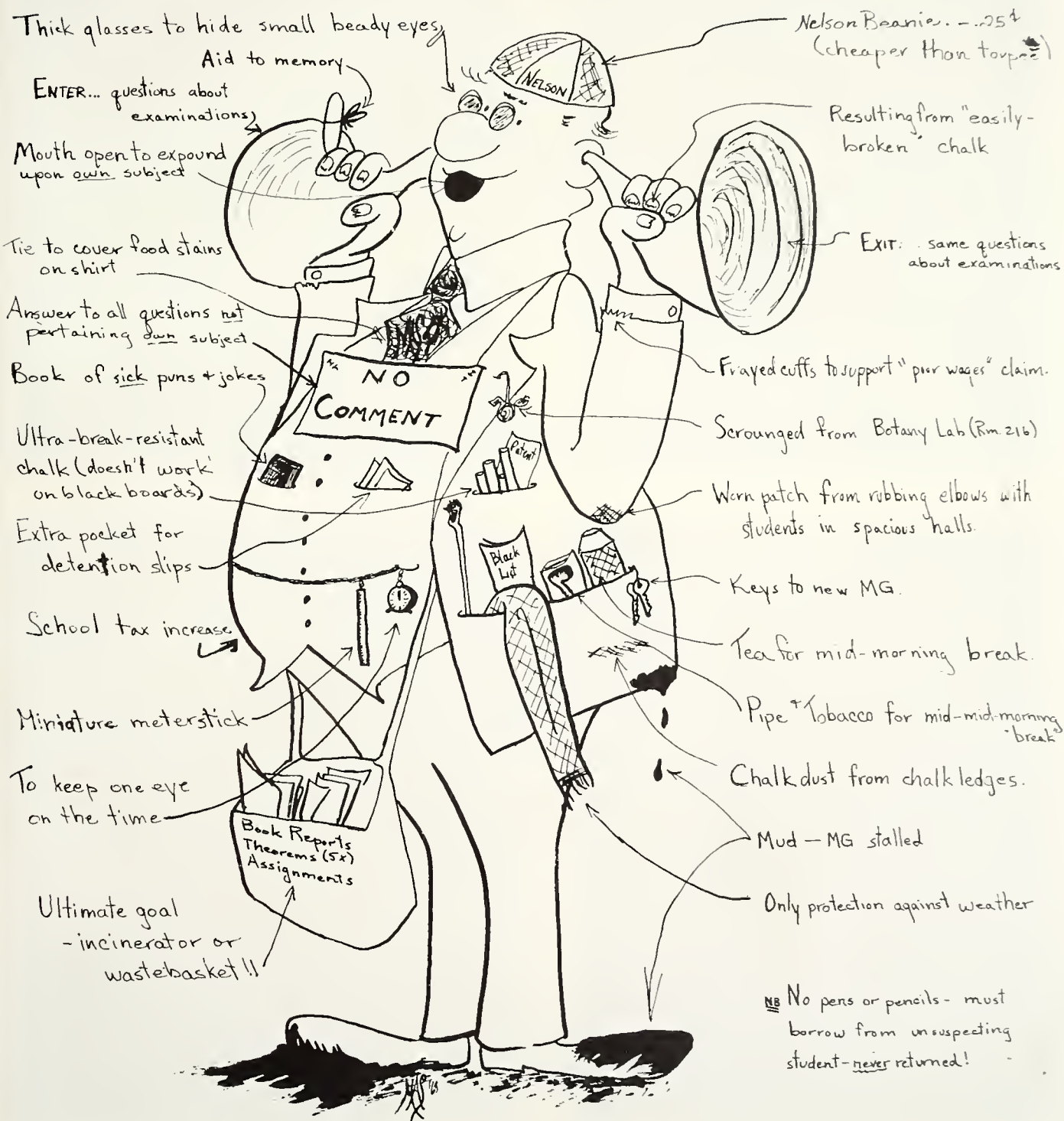
"ANTS - Oh no!"

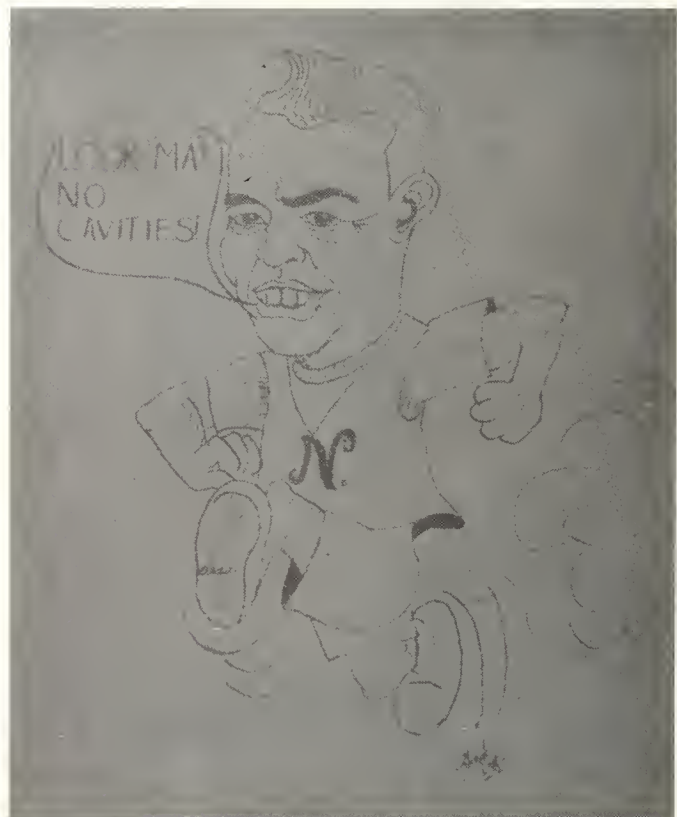
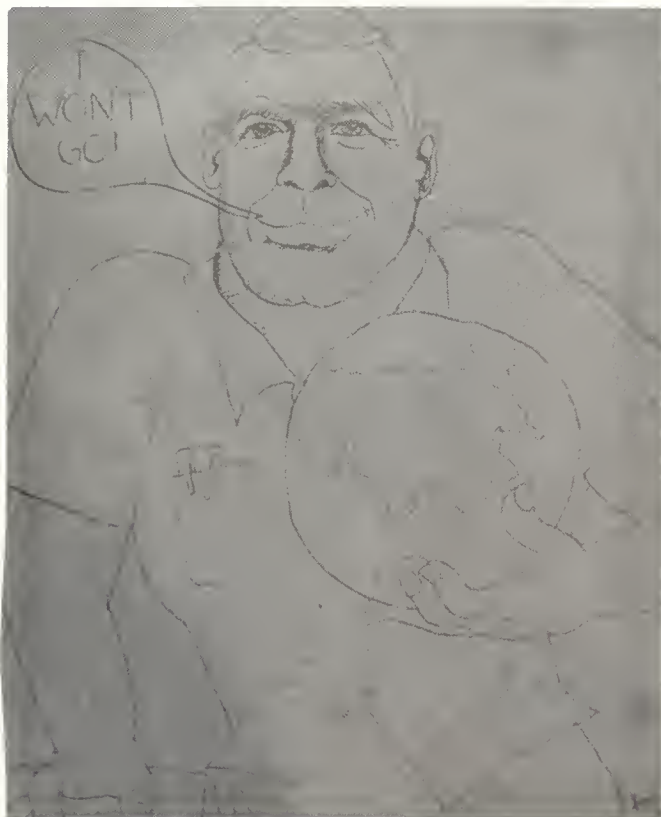
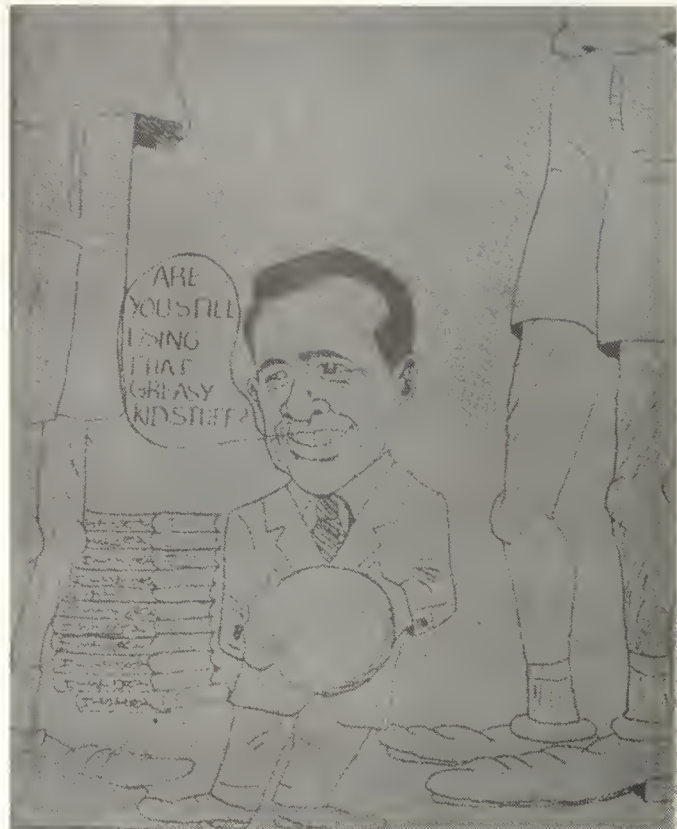


"In hot water, who me?"



# Nifty Guide to Nelson's Teachers









# Form News

12A



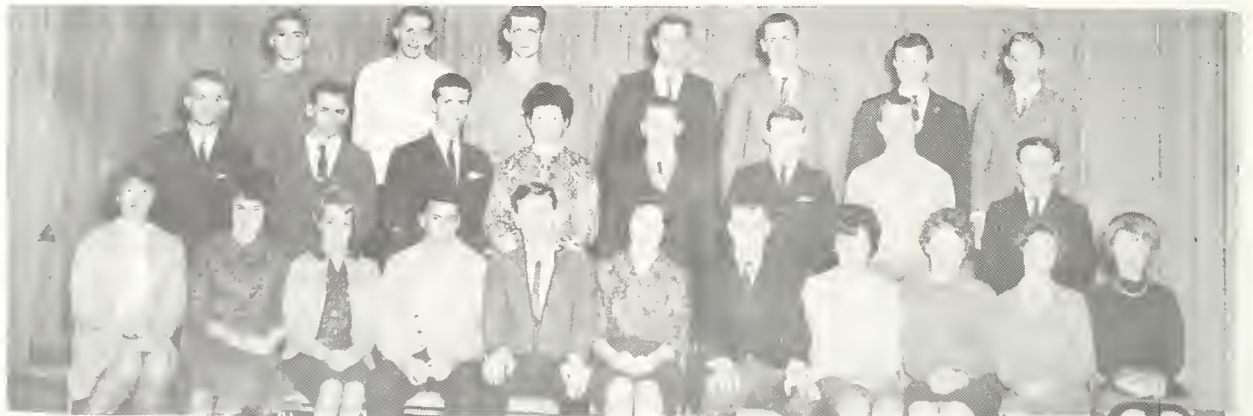
BACK ROW L-R: Gary Jeffries, Larry Western, John Richardson, Paul Taberner, Huib de Bruin, Norman Ruttan, Steve J. Ware, Paul Striowski, Bill Houston, Dale Cooper.  
MIDDLE ROW L-R: Bob Scaife, Don Roberts, Bob Bird, Kipp Howlett, Carol Seabright, Mary Nemet, Brian Ellis, Allan MacDonell, Jim Burns, Penno Vander Veen.  
FRONT ROW L-R: Carol Woods, Donna Powell, Susan Alton, Barb Bowyer, Ted Rimmer (vice-president), Derek Duvall (president), Dawn Adams (secretary), Richard Toyota (treasurer), Nancy Wallington, Anna Vale, Sue Lampkin.

12B



BACK ROW L-R: Glen Baker, Harry Alkema, Jim Lang, Tom Harrower, Pete Smith, Stuart Beaudoin, Abel Vanderlaan, Ron Mahy.  
MIDDLE ROW L-R: Cyril Anderson, Ellen Stevens, Diane Duff, Jane Loucks, Barb Penvidic, Sandy Wright, Marg Ferguson, Doug Cowan, Gary Allan.  
FRONT ROW L-R: Kathy Cornell, Diane Lehman, Linda Forrest, Jim Tufford (treasurer), Judy Wiertz (secretary), Milan Sury (president), Charlie Nixon (vice-president), Margaret Vanderlaan, Shirley Wagstaff, Dianne Gilmore, Sharron Grivel.

12C



FRONT ROW L-R: Christine Hallet, Carole Gardiner, Linda Oatley, Macks Sheppard (treasurer), Don Simonson (secretary), Judy McGinn (president), Mark Davies (vice-president), Bonnie Stewart, Sharron Johnson, Carolyn Jackson, Dianna Darcovich.  
MIDDLE ROW L-R: Craig Turney, Wilf Cooper, Ray Gibbs, Gail Perkins, Ross McIntyre, Jim Wilson, Doug Wood, Dennis Wilson.  
BACK ROW L-R: Ken Potter, Jeff Skinner, Ernie Todd, Andy Tarrant, Larry Castle, Brian Stewart, John Vanderboom.



12 D



BACK ROW L-R: Steve Remen, Dennis Beker, Bill McKeon, Vic Tomlinson, John Hoover, Ted Stevens, Chip Fergus, Harold Thompson, Dave Bryer, Greg Rutledge, Ken Clewer.

FRONT ROW L-R: Sandra O'Connor, Phyllis Shelton, Karen McKenzie, Virginia McMillan, Jackie Gaudaur, Norma Tierney (secretary), Dave Bailey (president), Dick Stevens (vice-president), Jim Gardener (treasurer), Sandra Wier, June McQuade, Irene Schenk.

12E



FRONT ROW L-R: Louise Whetstone, Joan MacLauchlin, Sharon Osborne, Harold Richardson (treasurer), Sandra Russon (secretary), Carolyn Hartley (president), Carolyn Higson (vice-president), Cherry Campbell, Eleanor Taylor, Liz Chapman, Ginny Banks.

MIDDLE ROW L-R: Bill Bradley, Henry Raab, Sue Leadbeater, Mary Balch, Ann Balch, Janice Emery, Anita Zuraw, Judy Breckon, Lorrie Cotter, Ray Whitehead, Steve Berry.

BACK ROW L-R: Frank Smith, Andy Toth, Ron DeBoer, Doug Warwick, Bob Zsadanyi, Ken McLean.

11A



BACK ROW L-R: Dave Fowler, Greg Smith, John Orchard, Steve Harris, Dave Mailer, Barry Parrington, Paul Gavin, Thomas Czajer, Stuart Dolbel, Bruce Westell, Leonard Campbell (treasurer), Allan Gummo.

MIDDLE ROW L-R: Geate Hunnius, Bonnie Powell, Shawn Fergus, Marg Oloman, Bev. Dales, Brenda Eke, Carol Dudgeon, Lorraine Leighton, Jill Sloan, Johanna Buist, Betty Hume, Anne Wier, Jane Runia.

FRONT ROW L-R: Pat Barr, Karen Ellis, Joanne Kennedy, David Cluff (vice-president), Marg Carter (secretary), Jim Morton (president), Leon Jervis, Judy Lumb, Diane Wilkowsky, Jane Toyota.

## GRADE 12 - Pet Peeves

Ann Balch - boys' briefcases  
 Jim Blake - smashing other people's cars  
 Ron DeBoer - fractured hockey sticks  
 Cherry Campbell - Monday mornings  
 Liz Chapman - long weeks, short weekends  
 Joanne Kazimer - messy boys  
 Joan McLaughlan - people who don't speak  
 Henry Raab - riding buses  
 Eleanor Taylor - being optimistic  
 Andy Toth - has anybody seen C.C.  
 Doug Warwick - Monika Schlazboom  
 Boo Waggott - girls who won't watch Saturday hockey games  
 Norm Wells - girls! Girls! GIRLS!  
 Louise Whetstone - the stupid boys at Nelson  
 Ray Whitehead - being asked to turnabouts  
 Anita Zuraw - tenth period after a study

## Things We've Noticed:

Dave Bailey - big and bad, mostly bad  
 Dennis Beker - Don Juan  
 Ken Clewer - hangman in a chemistry lab  
 Chip Fergus - sking on school time  
 Jim Gardner - inexhaustable wit and knowledge  
 Jackie Gaudaur - prefers T.R.'s to B.C.'s  
 Wally Hart - "nice shirt, Wally"  
 Bill McKeon - "A + B --duh, dun, -- AB?"  
 June McQuade - likes a beige Hillman  
 Karen MacKenzie - all quiet here  
 Steve Remen - midget, midget  
 Vic Tomlinson - small-mouthed bass  
 Sandi Wier - the "Torch" of 12D  
 Ginny MacMillan - censored  
 Diana Darcovich - television star  
 Craig Turney - cowboy in the white Buick  
 Ernie Todd - a walking encyclopedia  
 Judy McGinn - red eyes? !  
 Dennis Wilson - laugh along with Dickie Smothers  
 Doug Wood - you can't get to Heaven in Doug's old Ford car  
 Christine Hallett - brainy English lass  
 Carolyn Jackson - she'll get him yet  
 John Vanderboom - man from the woods  
 Wilf Cooper - lucky raffle winner  
 Don Simonson - he's not asleep, he just looks like it  
 Susan Jacob - pretty and shy  
 Ken Potter - those mischievous eyes

Gayle Perkins - woman from the West  
 Andrew Tarrant - shy-guy?  
 Linda Oatley - blond, blue eyes and a black sweater

## Favourite Sayings:

Carole Gardiner - "Pardon?"  
 Jeff Skinner - "Is that a new sweater Linda?"  
 Jim Burns - "...German!"  
 Ted Rimmer - "Who put water on my stool?"  
 Sue Alton - "Did we have any homework?"  
 Larry Western - "Is that ever poor."  
 Dale Cooper - "You're fulla canal water."  
 Fenno Vanderveen - "To err is human."  
 Barb Bowyer - "But...but..."  
 Norman Ruttan - "Lay off MacDuff, I've had enough."  
 Don Roberts - "The dumb females in..."  
 Dawn Adams - "I wonder if I got a letter today."

## Nicknames:

Gary Jeffries - The Gaffer  
 Paul Taberner - Tiny  
 Nancy Wallington - Cleo  
 Mark Davies - Cuddles  
 Derek Duvall - Handsome  
 Paul Striowski - Trotsky  
 Steve Ware - Stephanie  
 John Richardson - Bird-brain  
 Mary Nemet - T.V. Kid

## Ultimate Dooms:

Mary Balch - marrying a hockey player  
 Ginny Banks - raking sawdust at the high jump pit  
 Steve Berry - constant reader  
 Bill Bradley - grease monkey  
 Judy Breckon - raising little Bills  
 Rick Bryant - polishing wrestling boots  
 Lorrie Cotter - joining the U.S. Air Force  
 Janice Emery - playing "ring around the rosey" in kindergarten  
 Carolyn Hartley - a third year in grade 12 History  
 Sue Leadbeater - public school teacher  
 Ken McLean - swimming instructor at the Y.W.C.A.  
 Mary Lib Newlands - a fourth year in grade 12 Chemistry  
 Frank Smith - rewriting History books  
 Dick Stevens - missionary in darkest Africa  
 Bob Zsadyani - teaching people to spell my name correctly

## Ambitions:

Jim Lang - to test drive baby buggies  
 Peter Smith - to become a hairdresser  
 Judy Wiertz - to marry Manners the Butler  
 Sharron Grivel - teaching curling to the Eskimos  
 Tom Harrower - to be a rock 'n roll singer  
 Jane Loucks - Mrs. McEwen  
 Charlie Nixon - "Chinchilla Charlie" the dirty wrestler  
 Harry Alkema - to be a piccolo player for Duane Eddy  
 Sandy Wright - to pass French  
 Stuart Beaudouin - to be heavyweight champion of the world  
 Dianne Gilmore - to be a bachelor  
 Milan Sury - to be an "All Star" in girls' basketball  
 Barbara Penvidic - to think up some believable excuses  
 Glenn Baker - to buy a \$25. M.G.  
 Linda Forrest - to teach Latin to the Watusi warriors  
 Sherry Grivel - nursing at London or Kingston  
 Cyril Anderson - to kiss every girl at Nelson  
 Marg Ferguson - pogo-stick jumping champion  
 Margaret Vanderlaan - to pass grade 13 German  
 Ellen Stevens - to remain a redhead forever  
 Doug Cowan - to win an argument with Mr. Fisher  
 Abel Vanderlaan - no more Math ever  
 Jim Tufford - to write a French Dictionary  
 Kathy Cornell - to be a motorcycle hood  
 Gary Allan - to be a ballet dancer  
 Ron Mahy - to follow in Mr. Fisher's footsteps  
 Diane Duff - to stay awake in History  
 Judy Barrow - drum majorette  
 Shirley Wagstaffe - test-tube cleaner  
 Diane Lehman - teacher of perfect pupils

"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS 12" (or "better late than never")



11B



BACK ROW L-R: K. Hine, C. Andrews, B. Burns, F. Stevens, A. Pace, D. Baird, B. Borsellino, B. Mayor, C. Denis, J. Broadbent, W. Auckland, P. Worrall, R. Galley.  
MIDDLE ROW L-R: D. Harris, G. Barr, A. Schell, S. Romanowski, M. Sherwood, M. Donaldson, S. Jamieson; C. Barton, S. Fitz-Gerald, A. Johnstone, P. Jorritsma, A. Ranger, B. Clarkson.  
FRONT ROW L-R: M. Vancas, D. Kemp, S. Crouchman, P. Deans (secretary), K. Rowe (vice-president), S. Waldhauser (president), M. Shields (treasurer), D. Walker, C. Head, C. Bowyer, P. Skerrett.

11C



BACK ROW L-R: Larry Pelletterio, David Morley, Rod Vinter, Jim Kinnear, Bill Sinclair, John Metzinger, Albert Sandink, Sarge Frizzo, Dave MacKenzie, David Loft.  
SECOND ROW L-R: Margaret Farley, Linda Hodgins, Lorna Bielby, Marion McMaster, Bonnie Urquhart, Gail Gordon, Jane Smith, Suzanne Monus, Nancy Taylor, Shirley Brown, Susan Hall, Jane Marshall.  
FRONT ROW L-R: Mary Jean Coulson, Sally Chisholm, Claudia Frizzo, Susan Pennington, Barb Taylor (vice-president), Bill Nobels (president), Debbie Wallace (secretary), Ralph Tallman (treasurer), Marilyn Budnark, Marg. Hunter, Margie McCormack.

II D



BACK ROW L-R: Dave Grouver, Keith Bruce, Brian Gibson, Tom Strutt, Mike Rawson, Jim Dafeo, Jim Gillies, Keith Pendlebury, Don Michalak, Gary Brokenshire, Alan Norton, John Walowina, Brian Vivian.  
MIDDLE ROW L-R: Joe Arbuthnott, Gary Daniels, Steve Plumpton, Gary Long, Ed Solomon, Roger Wise, John Tebrake, Ray Delegarde, Ricky Rusk, Wally Black.  
FRONT ROW L-R: Janet Beucher, Maxiène Park, Audrey Scott, Francis Searle, Jim Watson (secretary), Jean Hewitt (vice-president), Marlene Seymour, Joan Hewitt (treasurer), Denise Greenaway, Marlene Ewart, Donna Wright, Adrian Young.



11E



BACK ROW L-R: Earl Rivers, Ron Kemp, Gary Lindley, Lloyd Tuck, Fred Grigsby, Bruce McGrady, Dan Posavad, Bill Gudgeon.

MIDDLE ROW L-R: Gerry Hockins, John Tanaszczvk, John Scott, Geoff. Godard, Pat MacDonald, Joan French, Lee Lakeman, Phil. McCormack, Glenn Haskett.

FRONT ROW L-R: Ginny Parr, June Chatfield, Dorothy Warshawsky, Marlie Thomson, John Western (treasurer), Peggy McKillop (president), Less Jackson (vice-president), Bebbie Wettläufer, Judy Mephram, Karen Kinley, Jackie Jarvis.

C11



BACK ROW L-R: Bob Dunlop, Elly VanVeen, Lynda Pearce, Virginia Huston, Gail Savoy, Susan Stevens, Janet Crowe (treasurer), Renny Nussey, Elyse Bradley, Marabel Martin, Paul Visser.

FRONT ROW L-R: Marjorie Hill, Heather Amy, Susan Banks, Jane Budnark, Pat Gratkowski, Dianne Brider (vice-president), Dawn Tribe (secretary), Jane Craig, Ruth Lindgner, June Howe, Linda Miller.

11F



BACK ROW L-R: Lynn Grealis, Sharon Tonelli, Graham Double, Greg Rapson, Wayne Riley, Don MacIver, Vernon Stutt, Harris Grantham, Donna Wilson, Doreen Gent.

FRONT ROW L-R: Isabel Richardson, Ann Byatt, Kathy Clegg, Carole MacKay (Secretary), Maurice Hines (president), Beth Montgomery (vice-president), Bob Finley (treasurer), Elaine Miller, Claire Delooze.

## GRADE 11

### Pet Peeves:

Sue Jamieson - people who can't pronounce my name  
 Arlene Johnstone - weasels  
 David Baird - people that write "pet peeves" that aren't really pet peeves  
 Shirley Crouchmans - those "Texan" car heaters  
 Alan Pace - people who race from class to class  
 Diane Kemp - coughs and colds  
 Carole Bowyer - a certain "My Ann Landers"  
 Mary Vancas - cars that come too close for comfort  
 Diane Walker - a certain shade of green hair  
 Ken Hine - Miss Bouck's windows  
 Leonard Campbell - Canadians who blame everything on the Americans  
 Thomas Czajer - pedantic teachers  
 Jane Toyota - fourth period lunch  
 Diane Wilkovesky - English vocabulary tests  
 Pat Ball - late buses  
 Earl Rivers - nicknames  
 Bill Gudgeon - front seat in English  
 John Tanazzuck - people who can say his name  
 Fred Grigsby - broken glasses  
 Joanne Kennedy - listening to certain students calling Newfoundlanders  
 "poor fishermen in their little dories."  
 Jim Morton - future tense in Latin  
 Judy Lumb - being called "the arch-bishop" by an atheist  
 Brenda Eke - swinging doors  
 Shawn Fergus - being called "Fergus" by Burns  
 Beate Hunnius - people who call me "Proxy"  
 Pat Barr - drafty math rooms  
 Alan Gummo - ~~sadistic~~ Phys. Ed. teachers  
 Lorraine Leighton - running out of flash bulbs  
 Alan Norton - disappearing brief-cases  
 Denise Greenaway - people who laugh at my yellow scarf  
 Keith Pendlebury - girls who don't know what a magnitude is  
 Gary Long - the one who picks me up for school at 8:45 in the morning  
 Brian Vivian - having to slow down for a clover-leaf  
 Brian Gibson - people who think they can take pictures  
 John Tebrake - people shooting rubbers in spare  
 Tom Strutt - K. Pendlebury's stunned jokes  
 Joanne Hewitt - people who think I'm a jinx to their class  
 Paul Gavin - the slugger of locker 663  
 Mauri Hines - Bryer's purple shirts  
 Lynne Grealis - people with false teeth chewing bubble gum  
 Claire Deloose - boys who use "greasy kid stuff"  
 Kathy Clegg - the "new breed" at Nelson  
 Lyle Hopkins - 10 m.p.h. speed limit in the parking lot  
 Sharon Tonelli - boys who wear louder sweaters than mine

### Ultimate Dooms:

June Chatfield - blonde nurse, maybe?  
 Phil McCormack - understudy to Prof. Smart  
 John Metzinger - doing homework forever  
 Larry Pelletierio - midget wrestler  
 Phillip Theriault - carrying German for 95 years  
 David Loft - taping sticks for Big M.  
 Nancy Aldis - basketball star  
 Barbara Taylor - first lady P.M. of Canada  
 Jim Kinnear - getting even with Mr. MacKay  
 Jane Marshall - lady wrestler  
 David Morley - reading Shakespeare forever  
 Nancy Taylor - mathematical genius  
 Susan Hall - failing German  
 David McKenzie - Canada's "Athlete of the Year"  
 Shirley Brown - winning an Oscar  
 Bill Nobels - Simon Legree II  
 Marilyn Budnark - painting picket fences  
 Gail Gordon - holding hands forever  
 Leon Jervis - relegation to 11B  
 Ann Weir - selling cigarettes in a cancer ward  
 Jill Sloan - Eliza Doolittle  
 Carol Dudgeon - training dogs  
 Bev Dales - carrying water to Barnum & Bailey elephants  
 Bonnie Powell - chief cage-cleaner at the Buffalo Zoo  
 Steve Harris - saluting the Yankee flag  
 Stuart Shepherd - summer replacement for Jose Gorilla  
 Marg Carter - polishing the cafeteria for Mr. Fisher  
 Marg Oloman - chief demonstrator in Nelson's first psychopathic ward

### Ambitions

Ralph Tallman - to ask intelligent questions  
 Rod Vinter - sleep  
 Albert Sandink - Daydreamer  
 Bill Sinclair - to win a wrestling match  
 Sarge Frizzo - Pizzeria operator

"EAGERLY ECCENTRIC ELEVENS" (or "Like man when 1 + 1 ain't 2")



# OFTEN SEEN,

Don Harris - "One of those kind, oh?"  
 Wayne Auckland - "What d'ya mean, stupid?"  
 Claude Denis - "Go away little girl!"  
 Pat Worrall - "Get her a broom"  
 Amy Schell - "I don't know sir"  
 Doreen Gent - "Oh, you're getting germs all over it"  
 Beth Montgomery - "He can't read poetry!!"  
 Donna Wilson - "just for kicks"  
 Paul Visser - "Go play on the Skyway, Gray!"  
 Pat Gratkowski - "I don't think that teacher likes me"  
 Janet Crowe - "I had a JIM-dandy weekend "  
 Heather Amy - "No sir, that's not right"  
 Pat Takishita - "Our class just isn't my type"  
 Suzanne Monus - to gain 18 inches  
 Jill Loosley - stay healthy  
 Sue Pennington - to shorten all skirts  
 Margaret Farley - to find her Lit text  
 Bonnie Urquhart - to diet  
 Judy Clarridge - same as S. M.  
 Marjorie McCormack - to stop coughing in English  
 Marion McMaster - to pass grade 11  
 Bob Finlay - women's locker room boy  
 Vernon Stutt - math scholar  
 Isabel Richardson - to join the W R E. N.'s  
 Wayne Riley - food tester for Betty Crocker  
 Don MacIver - to walk a Corvette  
 Gloria Stevens - nurse with Dr. Casey  
 Ann Bragyer - to do more damage to Dad's car  
 Greg Rapson - to live until 1973  
 Ann Byatt - to beat up Graham Double  
 Jane Smith - to teach Mr. Lavender history  
 Mary Jean Coulson - to keep quiet in History  
 Lynda Hodgins - attend school for one week  
 Lorna Bielby - to pass grade 11 geometry

Rick Rusk - ducking flying yard sticks  
 Jim Dafoe - as 1/2 the perfect couple  
 Marlene Seymour - trying on ski jackets in Leed's  
 Jeannie Hewitt - sewing up the roof on a littered "bug"  
 Marlene Ewart - wearing something new every day  
 Gary Daniels - taking corners on two wheels  
 Donna Wright - waiting in the hall at 3:20  
 Ray Delegarde - with Margaret in the phone booth  
 Murray St. John - thumbin' a ride home  
 Denise Reeves - laughing and turning red  
 Frances Searle - riding the range  
 Joe Arubthnott - disturbing French classes  
 Ed Solomon - waiting for Don after school  
 Ron Kemp - teaching Gary to be a gentleman  
 Dorothy Warshawsky - on cafeteria duty  
 Janet McLean - getting locked in her locker  
 Geoff Godard - Mr. McKay's straight man  
 Gerry Hockins - Earl's cohort  
 Jane Budnark - talking to Sharron on the phone  
 Lynda Pearce - sticking like glue to Virginia at all times  
 Virginia Huston - taking about 1/2 hour to get her books  
 Marjorie Hill - getting 1/6 in our little math tests  
 Judy Scott - mixing Lady Clairol

## Earmarks:

Debbie Wettlaufer - brown eyes  
 Lloyd Tuck - strong and silent  
 Jackie Jarvis - red boots  
 John Scott - an autographed wrist  
 Ginny Parr - her temper  
 Gary Lindley - Mr. MacKay's friend  
 Joan French - a blue gym suit  
 Bruce McCrady - eats seven eggs for breakfast  
 Glen Haskett - whiz in Physics  
 John Western - 11E's money man  
 Pat MacDonald - beauty with brains  
 Danny Posavad - Big Dan  
 Dawn Tribe - Waterloo, Waterloo, Waterloo  
 Jane Craig - likes the boys at Burlington High

## Favourite Sayings:

Marlie Thomson - "Well, that's it"  
 Les Jackson - "Quiet please"  
 Karen Kinley - "Hold my books please"  
 Lee Lakeman - "Mr. Lorrimer, you're a cynic"  
 Graeme Barr - "But, Miss Bouck..."  
 Bill Burns - "I'll beat Kidd one of these days"  
 Jim Broadbent - "Lay off my French fries"



10A



BACK ROW L-R: Rainer Zenner, Frank Bertassan, John Morgan, John Scott, Paul Londerville, Court Smith, Peter Neame, Martin Stefani, Ian Stewart, Joe Mailey, Eddie Vanderboon, Bob. Morton, Paul Vandervet.

MIDDLE ROW L-R: John Smoliniec, Bob Sanderson, Dianne Davis, Judy Campbell, Karen Wells, Penny Secord, Judy Grover, Sharon Davidson, Yvonne Coldrick, Eddie Chamicki, David Beitz, David Oravec.  
FRONT ROW L-R: Nicole Corran, Barbara Hall, Mary Johnston, Mary Hogan (secretary), David Rowe (treasurer), Peter Campbell (president), John Francis (vice-president), Darlene Staton, Linda Ross, Irene Matiuw, Margaret Wier.

10B



BACK ROW L-R: Brian O'Neill, Gary Stephenson, Leonard Boksman, Keith Tanner, Greg Arnasson, Peter Foley, Steve Barker, Robert Nosovad, Bob Parr, David Gilmore, Walter Fraiss, Bob Stelmach, Robin Smith.  
MIDDLE ROW L-R: Don Cowan, David Watts, Judy Allaster, Leslie Wright, Valerie Eggertson, Wendy Kennedy, Karen McLean, Heather Andrews, Hilda Progee, Grace Sernie, Philip Lichtenberger, Ken Anderson.

FRONT ROW L-R: Roberta Haley, Ida Vanderlaan, Brigitte Kaiser, John Cockburn (vice-president), Heidi Gonsen (president), Fred Leighton (treasurer), Linda Abell (secretary), Earla Nichols, Trudy McPhee, Joanne Austin, Marilyn Duncan.

10C



BACK ROW L-R: Al Donaldson, Jim Muir, Nigel Field, Nigel Husing.  
CENTRE ROW L-R: Don Rowe, Jim Hart, Ken Berton, Jim Watt, Jim Fitzgerald, Ron Moore, Frank Tlittington, Bob Parkhouse, Ed Mudrig, Gordon Vogt, Terry Mathew.  
MIDDLE ROW L-R: Barb Tapp, J. Wells, S. Reid, B. Hepburn, A. Soper, J. Walker, S. Wells, L. Griffith, K. Soden, M. McCartney, M. Hartnup.  
FRONT ROW L-R: J. Knight, V. Hagen, B. Repa, Lee Lefebvre, A. Schenk (treasurer), W. Taylor (president), B. McCallum (vice-president), J. Weaver (secretary), N. Thompson, C. Hardy, W. Dunn.





BACK ROW L-R: Allan Stanbury, James Millsap, Harry Smith, Gary Viles, Rick Potter.  
MIDDLE ROW L-R: Don Scott, Larry Stern, Joanne Sherwood, Lynda Smiley, Marilyn Mackie, Sandra Bryan, Lynne McLeod, Wes Brander, Garry Green.  
FRONT ROW L-R: Jean Ambrose, Lenore Rivers, Valerie Nichols, Linda Campbell (secretary), Patricia Richards (treasurer), Lynne Beamish (president), Henry Shiskoski (vice-president), Sharon Cole, Emma Bremer, Susan Loucks, Lynne Mullally.



BACK ROW L-R: J. Arnulf Orbeck-Nilssen, George Rose, Jim Strand, Allan Nicholson, Mike Popovitch, Murray Dawson, Dettlef Laackman.  
MIDDLE ROW L-R: Peter Sackrider, Tom Robertson, Jim Wise, Ron Snippe, Ross Custodu, Brian Lucksha, Mike Koropelnick, Bill Anderson, Rick Jobora.  
FRONT ROW L-R: Gerda Slump, Elizabeth Keenan, Penny Mallett (vice-president), Kelly Burke (president), John Skinner, Elsie Anderson (treasurer), Ann Beker, Sharon Krueger, Cathy Winn.



BACK ROW L-R: Don Sherwood, Terry Grant, John Duffield, Jim Gilliland, Nick Hordike, David Brider, Larry Smith, Sidney Alkema, George Lockett.  
MIDDLE ROW L-R: David Burrows, Randy VanImpe, Jim Hettrick, John LeRoux, Dan Heatherington, Bruce Haskell, John Mackinley, Danny Lourik.  
FRONT ROW L-R: Ann Oderico, Nancy Goddard, Pat Allen, Hugh McCaw (secretary), Rina Duncan (treasurer), Larry Funston (President), Linda Dixon (vice-president), Lizz Muir, Betty Colling, Helen Novacovic, Judy Brien.



10T



BACK ROW L-R: George Johns, Peter Collins, Paul Christopher.

MIDDLE ROW L-R: Jim Chambers, Spike Koerts, Jerry Kreller, Greg Heatherington, Brian Eaton, Bill Shillingford, Jim Coulson, Charles Twiss, Ron Boonstra, Tom Hughes.

FRONT ROW L-R: Micky DeFreitas, Philip Glen, Bob Goodale, Con Borg, Brian Soar (treasurer), Glen Kangas (secretary), Bill Bennett, John Daisley (vice-president), Harry Redwood, Martin Nohre, Tom Donnelly.

10Y



BACK ROW L-R: Lois Robertson, Eva Rouse, Sharon Fraser, Fred Dowsma, Don Clements, John Searle, Mike Forestner, Jayne Gullis, Sharon Bistrovich, Rosemarie Muth, Carol Bennet.

FRONT ROW L-R: Shirley Pell, Judy Bint, Pat Barratt, Heather Kennedy, Susan Shields, Richard Waldhauser (treasurer), Bette Green (secretary), Carol McCrae, Elaine Crawford, Miriam Borg, Sandra Westaway.

C10A



BACK ROW L-R: Fred Malcolm, Bill McGlaughlan, Paul Byron, Liz Luxon, Liz Daigle, Brenda Grealis, Doug Potter, Gene Viozzi.

FRONT ROW L-R: Ann Marie Meggett, Sharon Meacher, Susan Harrison, Jane Bowden (secretary), Gail Fell (president), Bill McCaveney (vice-president), Elly Batke, Gloria Thacker, Marlene Walker.



TOP ROW L-R: Carroll Saunders, Ruth Berry, Pat Connors, Judy Newport, Karen Van Slyke, Gloria Warner, Carole Birk, Barb Burden, Pat Hannon, Jane Blake, Lizette Lauzon.  
FRONT ROW L-R: Mary Mattiole, Sue Bell, Bev Dobson, Chris Love (vice-president), Carol Goddard (president), Jane Watson (secretary), Rose Blanchette (treasurer), Gwen Williams, Bernadette Doiran.



BACK ROW L-R: Dave Young, David Huffman, George Takach, Richard Wilburn, Dave Smith, Bob Newell, Wayne Turner, Bob Puhach, Bryan Bouck, Paul Morley.  
MIDDLE ROW L-R: David Halfpenny, Bernadette Gurden, June Nelson, Linda Butt, Vicky Melowsky, Joyce Arbuthnott, Jane Lambert, Cathy Steeves, Liz Zuraw, Cheryl Brown.  
FRONT ROW L-R: Barb Hagey, Jane Lawler, Helga Ross, Sue Duncan, Frank Posavad (secretary), Gaye Ann Honsberger (president), Bob Carroll (vice-president), Pat Corrigan (treasurer), Carol Swaine, Sherryl Raymes, Holly Robinson.



BACK ROW L-R: Duncan George, John Livingstone, Steve Craig, Dave Weir, Alex Nikitin, Paul Peaire, Jack Barnes, Peter Ackerman, Doug Irwin, Lloyd Tallman, Peter Hall.  
MIDDLE ROW L-R: Paul Barton, Bob Miller, Darryl Hollingsworth, Wayne Forstener, Vickie Goddard, Leslie Powell, Beverly Eade, Susan Johnston, Suzanne Whitehead, Graham Scott, Bob Shepherd, Doug Black.  
FRONT ROW L-R: Sheila Wild, Pat Zavadowsky, Louise LePage, Kirsten LaCour, Esme Crocket (secretary), Dave Davidson (president), Ray Brien (vice-president), Linda Thomas (treasurer), Roberta Watson, Shirley Diddleworth, Pat Coulson.



#### Ultimate Dooms:

Heidi Connsen - taking a booster course in child psychology  
 Robert Novosad - crash landing in Cuba  
 Karen McLean - muscle tester  
 Keith Tanner - chief editor of Mad Magazine  
 Ida Vanderlaan - cadaver in a medical school  
 Robert Stelmach - Jack the Ripper  
 Robin Smith - water boy for the Tiger Cats  
 Brian O'Neill - a good Do-Bee  
 Earla Nichols - trying to make 6' centre on a girls' basketball team  
 Philip Lichtenberger - professional dog walker  
 Fred Leighton - advertising manager for a bobby pin compan  
 Brigitte Kaiser - travel agent in Siberia  
 Peter Hollyoake - playing the horses  
 Roberta Haley - ice-sweeper in the Winter Olympics  
 David Gilmore - beating Dianne  
 Walter Fraiss - flea-catcher for the Humane Society  
 Peter Foley - confirmed bachelor  
 Nancy Findlater - teaching French to DeGaulle  
 Valerie Eggertson - headhunter in Ottawa  
 Marilyn Duncan - boys' Phys. Ed. teacher  
 Don Cowan - playing the title role in a monster movie  
 Leendert Boksmann - forest ranger in the Sahara  
 Steve Barker - another Rudy Valentino  
 Joanne Austin - driving Mr. Lorrman insane  
 Gregg Arnason - outdoing Einstein  
 Heather Andrew - stowaway on a tramp steamer  
 Linda Abell - playpen supervisor

#### Pet Peeves:

Liz Zuraw - German Shepherd dogs  
 Helga Ross - Monday and Friday lunches  
 Joyce Arbuthnott - people who crack their knuckles  
 Vicki Melowsky - carrying a handful of pennies into the cafe  
 Gaye Anne Honsberger - noisy classes - 10G  
 Sheryl Raymes - Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., & Fri.  
 Sue Duncan - Room 206  
 Carol Swaine - French Corrections  
 Jane Lambert - a certain Sandy S.  
 Sue Chadwick - anything to do with Latin  
 Bryan Bouck - temperature of room 109  
 Richard Wilburn - drawing straight lines  
 June Nelson - teachers who teach in the 10 minute break  
 Pat Corrigan - girls too beautiful for words but not for arguments  
 Wayne Turner - Monday mornings  
 Paul Morley - the older generation  
 Frank Posavad - segregated Phys. Ed. classes  
 John Scott - Latin verbs  
 Cathy Steeves - a certain Don C.

Ian Stewart - large French vocabularies  
 Paul Vandervet - getting under 90%  
 Paul Londerville - cleaning a certain Math teacher's boards  
 Peter Campbell - sisters with big mouths  
 Dave Rowe - people who stare during lunches  
 Darlene Staton - a certain class president  
 Mary Hogan - rollers  
 Frank Bertasson - people who untie shoelaces  
 John Smoliniec - being a crumb for ...  
 Nicole Curran - plousos that button in back  
 Judy Campbell - people who understand Science  
 Mary Johnston - midget basketball teams that lose  
 David Beitz - English grammar  
 Ed Chomicki - crossing my heart and kissing my elbow  
 Penny Secord - runs in my nylons  
 John Morgan - too many tests  
 Irene Martijw - going to math classes  
 Sharon Davidson - no long weekends from Xmas to Easter  
 Bob Morton - broken right arms  
 Court Smith - being bawled out by ...  
 Sipke Koerts - math  
 John Daisley - near-sighted ants  
 Glen Kangas - dead battery in little green car

#### Favourite Sayings:

Liz Daigle - "It's all right Brenda. We all love ya  
 Susan Harrison - "If he calls me Bulldog Harrison once more, I'll  
 Elly Balke - "Beat it, Potter "  
 Sharron McCan - "His name is so Smith "  
 Gloria Thacker - "It's not open, it's ~~broken~~."  
 Bill McLaughlin - "I'm getting fed up with this, Gail"  
 Jane Bowden - "Yea, Aldershot!"  
 Anne-Marie Maggett - "I gotta go to shorthand "  
 Paul Byron - "Martin, you should know."  
 Liz Luxon - "As Ron would say. "  
 Gail Fell - "Ya want a pink slip?"  
 Doug Potter - "Ya woodn't kid me, wood ya?"  
 Carole Bird - "Does my mop look alright?"  
 Pat Hannon - "May I be excused?"  
 Barb Burden - "Sir, I forgot my book. "  
 Jane Blake - "Hey Lizette, where are you going?"  
 Lizette Lauzon - "Do we have a test today?"  
 Lorraine Willsher - "Can I look on with you?"  
 Brenda Twiss - "Lend me a dime?"  
 Bernadette Dorrán - "I don't understand."  
 Marg Evans - "Do you have any typing paper?"  
 Chris Love - "I wasn't the only one talking. "  
 Pat Conners - "Can Bev have a piece of paper?"  
 Gwen Williams - "Smell this new perfume."  
 Judy Weaver - "I'm tired."  
 Betty Repa - "I'm scared, come with me."  
 Maureen Hartnup - "Well, back to the old drawing board."  
 Nigel Field - "What's that ye gotte there?"  
 Angela Soper - "Hey Jackie, study your German."  
 Pat Barrett - "Someone's been tampering with my locker."  
 Don Clements - "Let's go to Toronto."  
 Bette Greene - "Leave my hair alone!"  
 Heather Kennedy - "Dahling"  
 Carol McRae - "May I ask you something?"  
 Shirley Fell - "I never did."  
 John Searle - "Don't burn my car."  
 Micky DeFreitas - "I'll never do it again."  
 Ronald Boonstra - "What's up there?"

#### TWENTY YEARS HENCE:

Wes Brander - ruling the world  
 Emma Bremer - pie-thrower on the Jungle Jay Show  
 Sandy Bryan - permanent resident of Cloud 9  
 Linda Campbell - still getting in and out of lockers  
 Gary Green - your guess is as good as mine  
 Susan Loveks - still 5'1"  
 Marilyn Mackie - American citizen at last  
 Lynne McLeod - still cheering for Burlington  
 Valerie Nicholls - no comment  
 Rick Potter - manufacturing TV's for pleasure of Nelson students  
 Pat Richards - working on her M.R.S. degree  
 Lenore Rivers - flavouring food pills  
 Joanne Sherwood - inventing blush-proof powder  
 Don Scott - puck-freezer for the Maple Leafs  
 Henry Shikoski - a happy life on Mars  
 Lynda Smiley - educated corn flake flaker  
 Allan Stanbury - shotgun guard on a garbage truck  
 Larry Stern - still trying to make Grade 13  
 Gary Vyles - food taster at Weston's bakery  
 Paul Christopher - washing walls at Stelco  
 Bob Howarth - writing jokes for Prof. Smart  
 Bill Bennett - apprentice hobo

#### PASTIMES:

Brian Eaton - collecting rare hen's teeth  
 Harry Redwood - girls, females and women  
 Rex Lakin - visiting Penny at 8:30 a.m.  
 Con Borg - teaching Mr. Wright about electricity  
 Charles Twiss - pushing cars that won't start  
 Bill Shillingford - playing all sports  
 Greg Heatherington - playing cards  
 Carol Bennett - soldiers  
 Mike Forestnor - singing to Mr. Peachy  
 Fred Douwsma - sitting with the Grade 13 girls  
 Sandra Westaway - eating lunch with Fred

"TWIXT 9 and 11" (or two-thirds of an I.O.U.)





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BURLINGTON SEWING CENTRE  
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SALES - SERVICE - RENTALS

Burlington

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9B



BACK ROW L-R: Vic Odorico, Jim Toni, Ron Gardner, Danny Hines, Tom Thompson, Tom Lakeman, Simon Stenekes.

SECOND ROW L-R: Dave Robbins, Ray McArthur, Ray Foster, Steve Rauket, Bob Greer, Bob LeBlanc, Jamie Osborne, Paul Conway, Bill Dunlop, John Lichtenberger.

FRONT ROW L-R: Dave Edwards, Linda Tanner, Marilyn Michel, Pam Freeman (secretary), Richard Davis (vice-president), Don Amy (president), Joanne Runia (treasurer), Janis Peters, Barbara Foley, Joachim Klichermann.

9C



BACK ROW L-R: Isabel Tournor, Susan Boddington, Bill Knight, Lennie Harrington, Don Parker, John Blatherwick, Bill Narrie, Warren McMillan, Ricardo Gause, Nancy Boyd, June Cosby.

SECOND ROW L-R: Roberta Park, Nona Samson, Janet Geddis, Brock Langley, Stevan Hanusz, Terry Corrigan, Jim Hewitt, Stuart Henderson, Miriam Vowels, Gillian Salmon, Ute Melanetveter.

FRONT ROW L-R: Sally Holton, Kathy Ramsay, Mary Firth, Roddy Goddard (secretary), Susan Butt (treasurer), Jayne Double (president), Hans Hamer (vice-president), Joyce Brown, Arlene Harrington, Linda Marsh, Sandra Chisholm.

9D



BACK ROW L-R: Jim Hetmanek, Bill Greer, Murray Harris, Gordon Richardson, John McAulay, Bob Webster, Tim Leblovic, John Tseijimiera, David Head, Grayem Turney, Rodney Wilson, David Wodehouse, Mike Kaytor.

MIDDLE ROW L-R: Ted Grassic, Dave Willot, Bonnie MacNab, Diana Schell, Cheryl Shelton, Christine Horachak, Sharon Goranson, Roberta Hunter, Lynn Palmer, Karen Thomas, Blayne Hoshoian, Ted Vanderveen.

FRONT ROW L-R: Carolyn Martin, Jill Frosted, Wendy Martin, Cathy Lowe, Geraldine McMahon, Gayle Head, Jackie Ditchfield, Kay Week, Laureen Shrive, Dale Rimmer.



9E



BACK ROW L-R: Mike Sibbit, Henry Schwan, John Millar, Harry Meyerink, Stewart Plantinga, Art Robertson, Hans Van Dyk, Martin Harrington.

MIDDLE ROW L-R: Timothy Corkery, Alan Watson, Rodney Hilton, Fred Spoelstra, James King, Larry Readman, Peter Griswold, Frank Smith, Robert Posavad, Gerald Mead.

FRONT ROW L-R: Josie Harding, Lee Jackson, Norma Wilton, Christine Goodale, Pat Bolger (treasurer) Gay Weeks (secretary), Linda Johnston, Linda Graham, Marilyn Richardson, Gail Warner, Anita McClelland

9F



BACK ROW L-R: Larry Baker, Glen Macdonald, Ronald Deans, John Store, Tom Daisly, Gregory Whitfield, Patrick Maloney, Gordon Ruttan, Peter Damjanovick, Robert Van Der Linden, William Avey, Tom Slack, Frank Crouchman.

SECOND ROW L-R: Dave Norton, Stuart McCrady, Eugene Therriault, Elizabeth Norrington, Virginia Noseworthy, Julia Sibbit, Heather Forrester, Judith Wills, Judith Duncan, Mark Ewer, Gary Krueger.

FRONT ROW L-R: Linda Nixon, Joan Meacher, Janis Paupst, Norma Duncan (secretary), Mary Foster (vice-president), Peter Johnson (president), Marilyn Whall (treasurer), Susan Lambert, Pauline Hopkins, Catherine Robertson, Linda Griswold.

9G



BACK ROW L-R: John Fitzgerald, Keith Tarrant, Paul Polly, Craig Addison, Ed Soukup, Larry Martin, Ron Bailey, Gerry Gaunt, Ron Bryan, Gary Hargrove, Peter Walker, Larry Watson, David Ewer, Larry Lewis.

SECOND ROW L-R: Milton Stutt, Doug Short, Edgar Vize, Linda Johnson, Carolyn Young, Brenda Coulson, Donna Brokenshire, Connie Tumer, Ina Maddejonge, Kay Vanderveen, Sharon McMaster, Terry Lemon, Bill Oliver.

FIRST ROW L-R: Patsy Bird, Bonnie Worsley, Marsha Dukeshire, Wayne Heslop (vice-president), Gayle McIlwraith (treasurer), Cecil Smale (president), Donna Bradley (secretary), Jeanette Leroux, Valerie Price, Isobel Hardy, Jean Ballantyne.



9H



BACK ROW L-R: Don Webber, Larry Kearns, Jerry Hamstra, Gary Crosby, Dave Virtue, Dave Scott  
 MIDDLE ROW L-R: Paul Ackerman, George Brown, Glen Ouellette, Larry Romanowski, Tom Wright, Wilma Powell, Frank Psota, Norm Dennis, Ken Mason, John Mike.  
 FRONT ROW L-R: Donna McCallum, Susan Rispin, Sandra Bass, Linda Boese, Mary Jane Brander (treasurer), Rick Cucurean (president), Sheila Adams (secretary), Peggy Orchard, Susar Secord, Shirley May, Annabelle Carson.

9J



BACK ROW L-R: Joe Buckley, Gary Nussey, Dave Bates, Pete Debruin, Bill Kaiser, Tom Freeman, Peter Fowle, John Balch, George Hall, Dave Simonson, Bill Dodds.  
 MIDDLE ROW L-R: John Boyd, Catherine Zuraw, Adine Neufield, Janis McGeary, Irene Tychowski, Sybille Schonfield, Janet Marshall, Karen Skerret, Carol Lawrie, Arlene Miller, Donald Munro.  
 FRONT ROW L-R: Diane Powell, Jill Taylor, Beth Campbell, Johanna Sandink, Bob Parker (secretary), Tod Wright (president), Linda Bea Chambers (vice-president), Leslie Land (treasurer), Teresa Davies, Shirley Mullen, Louise Clavel.

9K



BACK ROW L-R: Sid Sipkema, Charlie VanderVeen, Rick Gaunt, Bob White, Ron Buick, Rick Carlson, Robert Hepburn, David Crowther, Mike Boughton, Everett Colling, Gary Millar.  
 MIDDLE ROW L-R: Bill Western, Dick Schonewille, Randy Ireland, Nancy Archer, Hilda VanVeen, Lena Vander Giessen, Lois Coulson, Diane Jolley, Mike McKinley, Richard Pitts, Larry Collings  
 FRONT ROW L-R: Karen Richardson, Sheila Story, Dianne St. Pieres, Gisela Rode, Ruth Duncan (secretary), Jim Howe (president), Doug Coverdale (vice-president), Carol Fraser (treasurer), Judy Ruttan, Sue MacMillan, Jeannie Fleet.

9S



BACK ROW L-R: Robert McFarland, Lance Henry, Lloyd Zuest, James Jeffrey, Bill Whetmore, Albert Haringa, J. Cupido, R. Inglis, Lorre Lockie.  
 FRONT ROW L-R: Albert Beckers, Bill Legedza, Paul Johnstone, Jim Lawrence (treasurer), Danny Carlton (vice-president), John Bryers (president), John Todd (secretary), Bill Ansley, Terry Connors, G. Gilbert, Harry Harrington.

9T



BACK ROW L-R: John Fraser, Dave Doreen, Dave Oliver, Ted Clegg, Mike Hunter, Bruce Dobson.  
 FRONT ROW L-R: Noel Toomer, Norman Cubitt, Geof Salzer (president), Harvey Livingstone-Crawford.

9Y



BACK ROW L-R: Karen Garner, Dale Hughes, Linda Ritz, Linda Latondress, Sharon Irvine, Linda Brooksbank, Barb Beadle, Nancy Downton, Irene Hadrys, Kathy Wells, Audrey Toomer, Gayle Carew, Brenda Garlow.  
 FRONT ROW L-R: Linda Beneditti, Jean Lymburner, Gloria Hunter, Janice Risebrough (treasurer), Gail Miller (vice-president), Anne Furness (president), Linda Brown (secretary), Judy Sadler, Frances Krylik, Judy Coulson.



## Grade 9

### Favourite Sayings

Lynn Palmer - "But I'm not sarcastic!"  
 Dale Rimmer - "But Palmer, you are!"  
 Murray Harris - "Alright, already."  
 Bonnie MacNab - "Where's Timothy?"  
 Cathy Lowe - "YES, I'm still going with Steve."  
 Karen Thomas - "Be a peach and do me a favour."  
 Timothy Leblond - "Work fascinates me. I could sit and watch it for hours."  
 Dave Wodehouse - "There goes that beautiful . . ."  
 Gayle Head - "All right, be quiet."  
 Sharon Goranson - "May I go take this aspirin?"  
 Jill Frostad - "You rang?"  
 Bill Greer - "Lend me your History?"  
 Paul Whitman - "Quiet or you'll get a detention."  
 Grayem Turney - "Maybe he's sick or dead or something nice like that."  
 Wendy Martin - "Well you see, sir. . . . ."  
 Jim Hejtanek - "But Miss Bouck. . . . ."  
 Mike Kaytor - "Sharon, is your History done?"  
 Gerrie McMahon - "Wouldn't that poison ya!"  
 Roberta Hunter - "Where is he -- the nut!"  
 Fred Spoelstra - "No that pen doesn't work -- it's broke."  
 Anita McClelland - "Aw, give it back Hans."  
 Stewart Plantinga - "Now there's something I wouldn't mind having."  
 Donald Webber - "Oh to be 6'5"!"  
 Mary Jane Brander - "Roll over, Rover."  
 Peggy Orchard - "I don't get it."  
 Lynne Kitson - "You wouldn't!"  
 Norm Denis - "Go away little girl."  
 Barbara Nicholson - "Do you like my nails?"  
 David Weir - "Hello fans, no applause."  
 Doug Irvin - "Thank God that's over with."  
 Henry Schwan - "She isn't worth looking at."  
 Norma Wilton - "I can't stand that guy."  
 Gerald Mead - "I'm an insufferable bore."  
 John Millar - "Haven't got it done, Mr. Damato."  
 Tim Corkery - "Have you got a pen I can borrow?"  
 Josie Harding - "What have we got for homework?"  
 Hans Van Dyk - "Did you see that girl?"  
 Bob Posavad - "What's for lunch?"  
 Art Robertson - "Well, you see it's this way, sir. . ."  
 Lee Jackson - "Ha, Ha---wasn't that funny?"  
 Wayne Ouellette - "Keep it down to a dull roar."  
 Linda Graham - "I don't get that."  
 Harry Meyerink - "Gee, I don't know, sir."  
 Peter Ackerman - "Sir, I have a question."  
 Kirsten LaCour - "Will you stop it?"  
 Paul Pearie - "Sir, I just can't memorize poetry."  
 Peter Hall - "Same old excuse, sir."  
 John Balch - "Wanna bet?"  
 Tod Wright - "Make way for retrogression."  
 Sybille Schonfield - "I'm going to cry."  
 Diane Powell - "We've done it again."  
 George Hall - "Ah -- very interesting."  
 Peter DeBruin - "What's that again?"

### WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF. . . . .

Gayle Andrews didn't wear hiking boots to school?  
 Nancy Archer wasn't so smart?  
 Mike Boughton didn't comb his hair?  
 Ron Buick didn't ride shotgun for the Yummy man?  
 Richard Carlson's ambition wasn't to grow the longest hair?  
 David Crowther didn't blow bubbles for Lawrence Welk?  
 Larry Colling wasn't the "Casino King of Nelson High"?  
 Everett Colling could be controlled in English?  
 Lois Coulson didn't like being called "Red"?  
 Doug Coverdale weren't Doug Coverdale?  
 Ruth Duncan could stay out of the nurse's office?  
 Alice Farrow didn't have the last say?  
 Jean Fleet didn't like Mr. Thomas so much?  
 Carol Fraser wasn't a walking dictionary?  
 Richard Gaunt and Sid didn't try to solve Canada's Nuclear Arms problem?  
 Robert Hepburn didn't have a girlfriend in Scotland?  
 Randy Ireland ever did past number 5?  
 Diane Jolly didn't have crackers for breakfast?  
 Susan MacMillan didn't always lend Jim homework?  
 Mike McKinley didn't try to eat the dates off of the calendar?  
 Gary Miller wasn't called "Tiny"?  
 Richard Pitts didn't take so many trips to Florida?  
 Karen Richardson wouldn't write letters to Prof. Smart?  
 Gisela Rode ever stopped laughing?  
 Judy Ruttan didn't feel so sorry about Mr. Lorrman's skis?  
 Dick Schonewille could spell his name?  
 Sid Sipkema didn't aid Richard with Canada's big problem?  
 Diane St. Pierse didn't join the boys wrestling team?  
 Sheila Storey answered a question in History?  
 Cam Tait didn't want to give French back to the French?  
 Lena Vander Giessen didn't decorate teepees in her spare time?  
 Hilda Van Veed didn't bring her Chatty Cathy to school?  
 Bill Western didn't keep saying "But Judy, it's a religion."  
 Bob White wasn't such a "broad-minded" Venetian playboy?

### AMBITIONS

John Lichtenberger - to be another Charles Atlas  
 Tom Thompson - to be short and fat  
 Boo LeBlanc - to blow an elephant's nose  
 Pam Freeman - to answer Mr. Price's questions  
 Tom Lakeman - to downgrade the Navy cadets  
 David Robbins - to put on muscle  
 Ted St. John - to learn to like French  
 Richard Davis - to be another Stirling Moss

### PET PEEVES:

John Blatherwick - know it alls  
 Susan Boddington - people who wear knee socks  
 Mary Firth - cubic decimetres  
 Sandra Chisolm - people who bite their nails  
 June Cosoy - people who play with ball-point pens  
 Janet Geddis - Norton's cold buses  
 Ricardo Gause - people who wear coloured shoelaces  
 Terry Corrigan - people who don't understand  
 Roddy Godard - alarm clocks  
 Hans Hamer - learning french vocabulary  
 Stephen Hanusz - people who ask for pet peeves  
 Jayne Double - some mathematicians  
 Arlene Harrington - big feet  
 Stewart Henderson - woman drivers in the hall  
 Jim Hewitt - people who drive Chevy 5's  
 Sally Holton - late buses  
 Bill Knight - work  
 Brock Langley - people who are late  
 Linda March - people who think everything is a big joke  
 Kathy Ramsay - town bus going home  
 Gillian Salmon - a certain person(s) in 9C  
 Warren McMillan - people who come up with dumb ideas  
 Isabel Tournor - people who stuff me in lockers  
 Mirian Vowels - being called "Witch"  
 Nona Samson - History  
 Joyce Brown - people who talk behind your back

### ULTIMATE DOOMS

Terry Tucker - another Einstein  
 Jerry Hampota - basketball player  
 Glen Ouellette - chewing nails  
 Dave Virtue - local garbage man

### Favourite Pass times

Virginia Noseworthy - trying to skip or drop Algebra  
 Janis Paupst - daydreaming in Math class  
 Gordon Ruttan - trying to read Mr. J. Burns' writing  
 Janice Petes - saying "I don't get it."  
 Ron Gardner - cluttering the hallways  
 Linda Tanner - learning about Nelson  
 Simon Stenekes - combing his kiss curls  
 Don Amy - Judy Weaver  
 Danny Hines - watching all the girls go by  
 Jack Barnes - breaking desks in Math class  
 Steven Craig - forgetting to do his English  
 Graham Scott - talking during typing  
 Bob Shepherd - eating, eating, eating  
 Bob Miller - being ready for bed at 6:30  
 Duncan George - receiving little pink slips of paper  
 Alex Nikitin - playing tiddley-winks  
 Susan Johnston - spilling over books



WE FEATURE THE NEWEST IN . . .

## **campus fashions**

THE GRAD SHOP      MISS SUN VALLEY  
FOR YOUNG MEN      SHOP FOR YOUNG LADIES

CHUCK MATCHEN MEN'S SHOP

225 King St. East

Hamilton, Ont.

*Eames*

KING EAST  
at  
WELLINGTON

*"Natural Shoulder Spoken Here"*

### BABY KEY

- "A" Judy Wiertz
- "B" Mr. R. Bateman
- "C" Linda Oatley
- "D" Carole Bowyer
- "E" Judy McGinn
- "F" Mr. B. Lorrigan
- "G" Sandi Hopkins
- "H" Jeff Skinner
- "I" Mr. R. Crossan
- "J" Ken Potter
- "K" Mike Shields



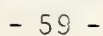
COMPLIMENTS

of

CAMERA CORRAL  
THE GREATER HAMILTON SHOPPING CENTRE

LI 9-9077

LI9-9060







Broke it off....  
right about here

"Look, in this placheran Baxter's dagger through:  
See whata rent the envious Stevenson made:  
Through this the well-beloved Sloan stabb'd;"

GEORGE B. SHAW: Great Britain and America are two countries separated by the same language.

"prohibition makes you  
want to cry into your  
beer and denies you  
the beer to cry into"  
-don marquis

"every cloud has  
its silver lining  
but it is some-  
times a little dif-  
ficult to get it  
to the mint"  
-don marquis



.....and then I took my gun and let him have it....

# LITERARY





You can never really go home again.

You can never really go home again. I suddenly realize this as I stand looking at the old vacant house through the binoculars of retrospect. To the casual passer-by, it might look like the average old home in need of a few repairs. But to me it stands naked and forlorn.

The velvet lawn that once felt the frolicking and tumbling of small bodies on warm summer evenings is now a tattered mat of dandelions and tough brown grass. The stone walk on which toes were stubbed and little knees scraped countless times is overgrown and crumbling. Carelessness and neglect have left the porch sagging and unpainted. Where are the hollyhocks which grew in gay profusion high against the red brick at the side of the house? Where are the small neatly trimmed evergreens which stood in a neat row along the front? Or the clumps of lilac whose sweet scent tinted every summer breeze? Gone, all of them. Even the small birds that persistently built their nests in the eaves, despite Father's disapproval, have left in search of another place.

How good it was in the evenings to hurry inside at Mother's call to the warm familiar glow of the living room. There are no soft lamps now. Only a single beam of dust-filled sunlight falls in a blank stare on the dirty floor. The smell of damp plaster and old wood replaces the aromas of pipe tobacco, fresh linen, apple pies, dinner cooking and the myriad of other exciting smells peculiar to one's own home. These dingy, peeling walls have heard the laughter of children on their birthdays, Saturday-night discussions and jokes among friends, whispers of children in their beds planning tomorrow's events, and yes, scoldings and tears, and have sheltered them all equally. These very rooms which once were warm and filled with the music of familiar voices, piano lessons, bacon frying on Sunday mornings, the clatter of toys, the rustle of newspapers, are now empty. The shouting silence echoes down long dark halls.

Perhaps I remember Christmases most of all. Those deliriously happy times when the very rafters throbbed with the excitement of long weeks of anxious waiting. The beaming faces of loved ones as they burst open the door, arms filled with gaily wrapped packages; the cadenza of fond greetings and embraces; the incense of cigars, turkey dressing, burning candles, wine and pine needles all mingling together; the sounds of children, nearly crazy with excitement, squealing and dashing from one room to another until exhausted; the rustle of women's dresses like falling autumn leaves; the frenzy of Christmas mornings, the wild shouts of glee as bright wrappings were flung in every direction; the regal Christmas turkeys, sauces and puddings - all these seem to have been forgotten by these grey rooms.

The front door shuts with a hollow thud. Brown leaves driven by an October wind clutter the walk and rap faintly on the dirty windows. I turn once more to look, and then walk on. No, you can never go home again.

- Bob Clarke, 13D



Sr. Prize Poem - Poem No. 1  
A Dying Soldier

Lying on this battlefield,  
With wounded body, broken shield,  
I wonder whether God exacts  
The courage that a soldier lacks.

Our time on earth is very small  
Compared with God's plan over all;  
Though we are but a minute part,  
We hold a place within His heart.

Fight bravely till the battle's end;  
We have our freedoms to defend;  
War may be a foolish thing,  
And yet, it's worth the peace it brings.

I have no fear, for now I die;  
I give my life with one last sigh;  
If we in life will do our best,  
Surely, God will give us rest.

-Dennis Wilson, 12C

## To be or not to be? Essay No. 2

My mother is a Girl Guide. This may sound rather startling and irrelevant, but at least it explains why every summer I spend two tortured weeks under canvas, while the rest of my family satisfies their annual call of the wild. After last summer's bout at pitting my strength against the relentless forces of nature, however, I intend to spend my two week's holiday at home, in spite of the fact that I will have to survive upon the dubious concoctions of my own cooking.

It all started when my father announced a desire to spend his holidays fishing. This aroused my mother's animal instincts and made her decide on a camping holiday for the family. On the appointed morning, at the appointed unearthly hour, I was forcefully extracted from my comfortable bed, and told to start loading the car. It took us a whole day, but somehow we managed to fit everything in, and only seven hours late, we left an all but empty house.

I hate journeys. This one was about as bad as can be expected, considering that I was sharing the back seat with my mother, four sleeping-bags, our food, four pillows, all my clothes, and a tangled assortment of vicious looking fish-hooks. We reached our fateful destination just in time to see the sun rapidly fleeing from the uninviting spot. Lake Opeongo (it took us the whole two weeks to pronounce it) was a cold, black, menacing lake surrounded on one side by trees, and on the other by a steep hill, marked off into campsites. After my mother had told my father which spot we were going to pitch our tent on, she supervised, while the rest of us struggled with the green canvas monster. Finally the last peg was firmly anchored, and I tested it by walking into it and removing the better part of one well-tanned leg.

It was almost pitch-black when we started to cook our evening meal. My father and brother had conveniently disappeared, leaving my mother and me to wrestle with the stove. Since my mother did not know how to start the delightful little contraption, I had to show her. I showed her. I still have the smell of burnt hair about me. The beautiful coloured brochures of Northern Ontario had neglected to inform us that we were camping in the middle of mosquito season. We soon became aware, however, that the term "hunting season" around Lake Opeongo is reversed.

You are not the hunter; you are the hunted. As soon as our meal began to cook, we were descended upon by swarms of hungry-looking monsters - the biggest and the most ferocious ones we had ever seen. That night I learned the trick of eating and drinking while being eaten and drunk. The idea, it seemed, was not to let the mosquitoes near any exposed skin - that was all very well until you received the call of nature. It was an extremely painful process for me to sit down for several weeks following my very first exposure to Mother Nature.

After a meal consisting mainly of drowned mosquitoes, I braced myself for the ordeal of going to bed. In order to have as many luxuries as possible, while living in the great outdoors, we had brought camp-cots to sleep on. Temperamental camp-cots, I might add. Tired and weary, I collapsed on my camp-cot, which, in turn, collapsed on me. Finally I discovered that, by getting into my sleeping-bag before

lying on the bed, I could prevent the bed from closing upon me like a pair of iron jaws. Extended, rigid like an Egyptian mummy, I awaited the longed-for sleep. Everything was peaceful and still. Suddenly a piercing scream rent the air, and I catapulted upright, only to be devoured by the waiting jaws of the gaping monster. Disengaging myself from the predatory beast, I struggled vainly with the zipper on my sleeping-bag, and then with the zipper on the tent. Several blue streaks and finger nails later, I emerged to discover a lively group of Indians chasing their squaws around the boat-house. They were all beautifully merry, and this somewhat hindered the speed with which they chased their buxom belles. This was too much for my father. He spent the rest of the night standing guard outside of my tent, armed with a torch and a rather pathetic-looking tent peg.

I returned to bed. Unfortunately, in my haste to evacuate the tent, I had left the zipper undone, and, when I was once more immovably encased in my shroud-like sleeping-bag, I discovered many delighted mosquitoes all voraciously preparing to dig in for the banquet. The rest of the night I spent miserably, fitfully snatching a few minutes' sleep here and there, but mostly lying wide awake, my eyes terrified and bulging, armed with my trusty fly-swatter, and prepared for the onslaught of the mosquito army.

The next morning I was up bright and early, after being wakened from an exhausted sleep by a flock of happy little birds. Examining the success of the enemy the night before, I gave up trying to count the casualties. I decided, right then, that as long as I lived I would never submit my children to the dubious delights of the great outdoors, for if Nature were to answer the question "To Be or Not to Be?" in my case, she would undoubtedly answer in the negative.

Jennifer Amor, 13C

## The Perfect Pet, Poem No. 2

Consider the fish a household pet;  
You have nothing to do but keep him wet.  
His bearing is good, his manners are neat,  
His face is clean, his breath is sweet.  
He does not bark, he does not sing,  
He does not bite, scratch nor sting.  
He doesn't shed feathers, fur nor hairs  
All over the couch, carpets and chairs.  
You never find him underfoot;  
You give him a home and he stays put.  
He asks but little here below,  
Just food to eat and room to grow.  
If either of these he is denied,  
You will find that he has quietly died.

- Jeff Skinner, 12C



Oh, the promises of Spring! They are as fickle as a flirtatious girl, one minute raising your hopes to a summit, the next dashing them back to the still frigid earth.

Many are the fading sights of winter, familiar but no longer welcome. One by one the robust snowmen bid pathetic good-byes. All the tediously cold season they have presided over back-yard hockey games and snow-fort battles. Vanishing, too, are the intensely ruddy cheeks, the tightly wound mufflers, the fleecy oots and the hearty laughter echoing sharply over glazed hills. The cheerless, chilly mornings with their hot cereal and frozen butter to the tune of fathers frantically trying to start stubborn automobiles become but shady images, best not to be recalled.

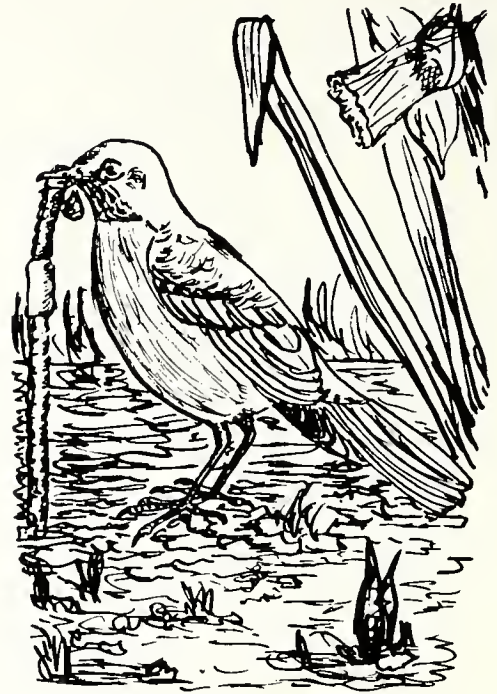
It is more satisfying to contemplate the delights of spring. The first warm day finds youngsters making mud pies, young people engaged in sun-worship while their elders attack spring cleaning or repair the lawnmower. Tiny shoots, heralded by the yellow sun, peep shyly from the moist black earth. The robin hopping gleefully over the lush green lawn, nods at old Mr. McArthur. His gait has taken on a new elasticity with the discarding of his monstrous overcoat. Tossing aside their jackets, children joyfully return to skipping-ropes and baseball bats. But it appears that someone is missing. Yes, Andrea, the charming little French girl is gone - killed in an auto accident on Boxing Day. For a moment our eyes cloud and our smiles fade. What a shame she will never again feel the gentle breeze through her silken hair or laugh at the bobbing ducks in the pond at the park. As if to compensate for the melancholy, our eyes find an appealing attraction. The upward glance reveals a young couple utterly entranced with each other. She giggles softly as he squeezes her hand. For them it is truly spring: the spring not only of the year but also of their lives, of their love.

Sharing brings out that which is most desirable in spring. Nature demonstrates this annually. Old Sol shares his warmth with everyone and everything. He is repaid by healthy, glowing faces, enduring trees standing tall to adore him and turquoise lakes - the jewels of his own creation. Birds relate to each other tales so happy that they burst out in exuberant song. Water rushes eagerly into new roots, and luxurious growth results. The rivers, lakes and oceans send out their magical chants enticing all from far and near to revel on their shores. They come: toddlers with their grandmothers, girls with mysterious beach-bags, boys with scuba gear, dogs with floating bones; life guards need bring only themselves. Everyone shares: the children share their shovels and buckets, the grandmothers dole out lemonade, the girls soothe sunburns while young men "hand them a new line". Dogs spread water and chaos wherever they stray. Of course, everyone shares his salad and fried chicken with the ants and other abominable pests, but that is expected and is an integral part of the ritual which we love.

But this is nostalgic sentimentality, for as yet, the carefree days at the beach are merely treasure ships on the horizon. They are following the birds on the long trip north. Old Man Winter will work his hardest to delay the arrival, sending gales and blind-

ing snow. These onslaughts barely daunt the ships of Spring which skim swiftly home to us. Now and then we are aware of conflicts or skirmishes between the factions, but Winter is aged and weary while Spring is vigorous in her youth.

- Margaret Oloman, 11A



The Seagull. Poem No. 3

I sat beside my window on a peaceful misty day,  
And thoughtfully watched a seagull as he sailed around  
the bay.

He landed on a low, worn rock protruding from the sea  
And watched the foamy waters for a fish that he might  
see.

He didn't seem to have a care or thought for anything  
else.

But sat there still and waiting like a doll upon a shelf.  
And then there was a piercing scream that broke this  
peace so rare,

And the seagull, greatly frightened, flew off shriek-  
ing through the air.

The reason for his rapid flight? This I cannot say  
But he never did return to that rock within the bay.  
And now on peaceful misty days, I sit and watch and  
wait

For the seagull to return again from his unknown fate.

-Katny Clegg, 11F

## WRITE A POEM!

"Write a poem," the teacher said.  
For him it might be easy.  
My mind is not poetical  
For rhymes so light and breezy.

What could I write about, I thought. . .  
Rain, or snow, or flowers?  
I couldn't rhyme a single thing,  
Although I tried for hours.  
-Mack Shepherd, 12C

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## THE BATH TUB RING

Ever since primeval man began to notice that he had more friends if he washed himself regularly, he has been plagued by an enigma that has remained unsolved for centuries -- the bath tub ring. This problem has bothered man for more years than women. The reason, of course, that you haven't heard more about this puzzle is the fact that no great historian had the courage to write about it. How would it have sounded if Herodotus, instead of writing about the Persian Wars, had written a book entitled, "The Glory of the Athenian Bath Tub Ring", or "Around the Tub with Athenian Dirt"?

Since I am on the topic of historians, I may as well give a little history of this ring. To begin with, it was discovered by a Mesopotamian prince while he was taking his Saturday evening bath. So amazed was he at this apparition that he immediately inaugurated a new religion based upon bath tub rings. Its chief priests were called "ring leaders". This new religion flourished for many years until it suddenly died out. No definite cause has been given for its failure, but it is believed that a century long drought in the area of its origin put an end to bathing, and consequently this great religion. However, even though the religion died out, the ring still rang on.

Roman curses were heard for the ring, too. Imagine the problem of a Roman-bath owner, after a legion of dirty Roman soldiers had just used his bath. As a matter of fact, even today the rings around the Roman bath tubs can still be seen amongst the ruins.

It isn't difficult to see that all through ancient and modern history man has been plagued by this ring, which brings us up to present time.

The great scientific minds of today have analysed the bath tub ring to discover its composition which is: soap, body oil, dead skin, plain dirt, enamel (from the bath tub side), and water of hydration. There is also a small amount of a substance which prevents the ring from being scoured away; the scientists have lovingly clubbed it K-nine-P. It is this substance in the bath tub ring which makes it beneficial and yet so useless. The B.T. ring is beneficial because many people earn their daily bread producing products to wash it down the drain. These products, unfortunately, are next to useless.

The other day while undertaking a bath I timed the whole operation. To run the water, climb in, sponge off, step out, and effloresce took exactly three minutes, nine seconds. To let the water out and dispose of the bath tub ring took seventeen minutes, six seconds. That's a pretty bad time, especially when you consider I didn't remove my clothes during the whole procedure.

However, you don't have to spend half the night washing out the bath tub if you use that wonderful new invention -- bath tub ringless soap. What a boon, and what a fake! Do you know why they don't leave any bath tub ring? Well, I'll tell you. They don't wash any dirt off you. You enter and leave the tub in the same state of uncleanness. You may as well be dry-cleaned and save the water.

Do not despair, though. Enterprising and exasperated scientists and mothers have come up with several solutions for the problem.

The first is to buy a coloured bath tub, preferably one in a mottled grey colour. Unfortunately, the coloured ones aren't as popular any more because coloured soaps were invented and produced clashing, coloured bath tub rings. Check next time and see if it isn't so.

The second, and perhaps not so well-known solution, is the one dear old Mother created. A small can and brush was located on a shelf above the tub. When the bath was completed and the water drained off, the brush was dipped in the can which contained white enamel paint. A few strokes of the brush, and that nasty old bath tub ring had vanished. (And, too, it took twenty-one seconds!). Mother's formula worked admirably but it had to be discontinued because dear old Dad went to work too many times with a big white ring disfiguring the back of his neck and arms.

The third, and most obvious solution, is not to bathe. But that puts us back at the beginning with prehistoric man. And so, it seems as if man will never get rid of his bath tub ring. He will carry his problem to the stars.

- Doug Cowan, 12B

## JOY, Poem No. 5

I give you now a Mr. Soyer,  
A conscientious little lawyer.  
He wired a client of his one night:  
"Your mother-in-law passed away to-night.  
To you I know it's such a sensation;  
Shall we order burial, embalming, or cremation?"  
The client could not help but smile,  
The first one since walking down that aisle.  
And although he knew that he was free,  
He wired right back: "Take no chances.  
Order all three."  
- Fred Stevens, 11B



## THE PHANTOM OF REVENGE:

The autumn haze lazily suspended its grey cloak over the still forest. From the towering pines filtered the sound of contented birds preparing for sleep. Flowers of all shades, sizes and shapes closed their protective covers about them for rest. Then it happened! A flash followed by the roar of a powerful rifle echoed through the stillness. An ear-piercing scream of anguish, then death followed.

My name, Arthur Westley; my occupation, exploring into the supernatural. The above excerpt is from the files of one of my most baffling cases, "The Phantom of Revenge". Yes, I still remember that horrifying day some seventeen years ago when a madman burst into my office raving with fear. Incoherently, the wretched human form related to me a tale so absurd and so frightening, I hesitated at first to believe him. Paying closer attention, I discovered that this man meant every word he spoke and that he was "dead" serious. The incredible episode went as follows:

Two men, both of whom were avid sportsmen, rented a small cabin in the northern extent of their home province, Ontario. They had waited, planned, and counted on their two weeks free from the turmoil of office work to escape to the northern "back country" to fish and hunt. Neither man had suspected that their happy, carefree vacation was going to turn into a nightmare.

They arrived at the old lumbering cabin which had been inactive use by lumbermen until the government had restricted the area for the sake of conservation about eight years ago. Anxiously the two men emptied their carload of supplies and quickly put the settlement to active use once more. After this preparatory task was completed they both relaxed on the double bunk and discussed their plans for their first outing the next day.

The dawn came early the next morning and already the sportsmen were preparing for a day of hunting in their secluded paradise miles from nowhere. With their two "Enfield - .303's" strapped on their backs, they set off into the deep forest. Cautiously they broke the entanglement of growth about them in hope of scaring out any form of life. Jack Curry, the elder of the pair, had his trusty rifle ready for any unfortunate forest-dweller who might cross his path while Ed Barlow, his companion, beat the bush about him to flush out their prey.

Approximately two and a half hours later, the men spotted their first game. At a silent, stealthy pace they stalked their victim until they were in rifle range. Ed's alert glance registered a small, unaware fawn taking a drink by the edge of a tiny fresh-water spring. Turning to his partner, Ed told him that it was only a baby deer and that they should move on and look for larger game. Jack shook off his friend's advice, advanced a few paces, raised his powerful weapon and fired. The first shot caught the defenceless creature in the head, and it dropped lifelessly to the forest floor. Unable to believe the cruelty of his meek friend, Ed burst out in anger; but, Jack paid no attention, and strode toward the carcass of the dead animal, and for some reason, fired three more bullets into its bleeding skull. Why, thought Ed as he caught up to Curry, who had already started off in another direction looking for game. Why?

Three days later, Barlow noticed a strange change in Jack's attitude towards life. He had repeatedly killed even the smallest form of life he came in contact with, and this didn't disturb him in the least. Yet, back at the cabin after each day's "slaughtering" and without the high-powered rifle in his grasp, Curry regained his role as a meek, friendly companion.

The final day before their return to civilization found the two men once again preparing themselves for their last day's hunt. This day they walked more quickly, and covered a greater distance than any of the previous days. It wasn't until about four-thirty that they were ready to return to the camp some fourteen miles away. The two men hadn't seen anything, not even a squirrel or even a bird, which was extremely odd after covering so much area. Then they saw it. Perched high on the branch of a sturdy white pine, the vague outline of a huge cat could be seen. Frantically Curry raised his sights on the great animal and fired. A direct hit. Waiting breathlessly to see his victim drop, Curry began sweating and mumbling. Then he looked up again and saw the strange beast still on its perch. Again and again he fired and every shot was a dead hit. Fear gripped the two hunters who then started backing away from the tree. After stumbling backwards about twelve yards, they both turned and fled. It was at that moment that they heard a deafening screech, and spinning about saw the huge form drop from the tree.

Cautiously, after they both had regained their strength, they went back to the spot where the creature had fallen. After making sure the animal was dead, the hunters scanned the enormous features, and both counted thirteen punctures on its body. Curry had fired a total of thirteen bullets and the enormous carcass accounted for every one. One bullet in the head should have been enough to destroy the beast, yet there were seven punctures in the skull before it had fallen. What made this animal hold on to precious life so long? Why?

The sky was no longer lit by the sun when the men had covered the distance back to the cabin, and while Barlow still pondered over their experience, Curry gloated loudly. If Barlow hadn't stopped him, Jack would have dragged his catch, which must have weighed at least nine hundred pounds, all the fourteen miles back to camp. After insanely dragging the carcass about two miles, Barlow insisted he leave the animal in a deep, protective ravine and cover it with a shelter of large boulders. Curry wanted no part of it, but after a lengthy debate, had agreed. Then, in the seclusion of their cabin, the two men stretched out for the night.

At two-thirty that final night, the climax of their unforgettable visit to the once undisturbed and silent forest came to its peak. Insane screams and clawing broke the still night. Some supernatural force was



## THE PHANTOM OF REVENGE

attacking with all the ferocity of hell and the two human forms of groping fear fought a losing battle with sanity. Guided by a tremendous magnetic force, Curry sprang from his mattress shelter and advanced, unable to stop, towards the door. His mind and body were snatched savagely away by something outside the dark cabin, while inside, Barlow fainted with fright. Then it was over.

The morning announced itself brightly through the windows and the open door of the cabin. Ed Barlow pulled himself together, and surveyed the surroundings. Curry was nowhere to be seen. Dressing quickly, Barlow rushed out to the cabin front. There, stretched on the blood-stained ground was the mutilated body of Jack Curry, and lying triumphantly beside him was the carcass of that same animal which had been left to decompose some twelve miles from the camp-site. At a quick glance Ed noted that Curry's hair was snow-white, and his eyes were almost breaking free from their sockets. Without wasting any more time, Barlow gathered together his belongings, and sped madly from the scene of that unforgettable nightmare.

Thus, I close the file on one of my most mysterious cases, and still to this day I wake up at nights trying to explain to myself what really happened. The supernatural is very complex and baffling; maybe you can come up with a sound explanation.

- Don Cowan, 10B

## THE TIME HAS COME

The time has come to say good-bye and go our separate ways.

The time has come when we must part for many, many days.

We must remember, though we part, our thoughts are still combined;

Our dreams of future happiness go with our past entwined.

Remember only we were friends, we helped each other out;

Though unkind words we sometimes spoke, of love we left no doubt.

The joys we shared will never fade, as daylight into night,

They will live on throughout the years and always reach their height.

And now, without one backward glance,

I'll go and say adieu;

Who knows when with the aid of God I will again meet you.

- Brigitte Kaiser, 10B

## EVENING TIDE

Short Story No. 2

As I sat on my boat, the "Evening Tide". I could hear the waves gently lapping against the sides. I remembered that evening, many years ago when I had sat on the same spot on the boat in the Pacific.

Memories floated back on the waves of time. Her name had been Yvonne. She was French, as her name implied. We had spent many good times together; splashing in the surf on the Riviera; skiing in the Alps; horse-back riding in the hills of Wyoming. Yes, those had been good times, but now they were gone, only memories, only thoughts to be recalled when wanted.

She had hair the colour of a raven, eyes of the deepest blue. Now she was gone, never to return again.

I remember, too, the day she went. The sky was overcast, a dismal shade of grey. The sea was rough, and hot; moist air surrounded us.

"It's not as nice as yesterday, is it, Ralph?" she said.

"No. But it will clear up after a short rain." I replied.

"I hope you're right. I feel restless and uneasy in this type of weather."

"Don't worry. Yvonne. This boat will see us through."

Later, we went down to the dining-room in the bow of the ship. Above us, I could hear the jib-sail fluttering in the wind, where a cord had come loose. James, my servant, friend, and crew, brought us each a drink of his own concoction and we drank it by candlelight, so as to save gasoline for the lights during the storm to come.

Seagulls were no longer screeching. They had flown inland to escape the fury of the high winds and rain.

If only I were a bird, I thought then. To be able to go anywhere I pleased, no care in the world. To be free!

"What are you thinking about, Ralph?"

"About birds, the land, the sea."

Suddenly, as if turned on by a switch, the storm began. Unleashing all its fury, the storm hurled bottles from their shelves. The bird-cage lay on its side, the bird dead.

Yvonne fell to the floor, hitting her head as she did so. She quickly got up again, however, and mentioned to me that we should make fast everything on deck so that we would have no losses and make sure that the sails were lashed tight.

We ran up the steps. Before us was the mast, crashing down upon us, knocking Yvonne over the edge of the "Evening Tide". She was gone. Never to be seen again. Never... never... never.

- Sybille Schonfeld, 9T

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## NOCTURNE #9. Poem No. 7

See how sweetly ends the day:  
With mournful sadness the setting sun  
A celestial teardrop, slowly runs  
Down the face of Heaven

See how gently falls the night:  
It flutters down on dove-like wings  
And settles slowly o'er all things  
Velvet twilight shadows.

See how brightly shine the stars:  
The limpid lanterns of the night  
Are sending out their stellar light  
Heralding Diana.

See, Diana climbs the skies  
Towards her firmamental throne,  
And all of worldly wealth lies prone -  
Slave to Nature's beauty.

- Jennifer Amor, 13C



Charles II once lamented "ooglie ruden pouru ferus gloop". This translated is "Wert youp tyiegh sup sip sop". This means. "That stupid clod Jimmy is gonna travel again". In three years he was right and Jimmy was wrong.

Jimmy II tried to be a menace of a king from 1685 to 1688. He was a good man but, unfortunately, a bad king, this being not good, was very bad. His main aims were down the barrel of a 22; however, his secondary policies were:

- A- to restore R C ism.
- B- to bring back the position of the king (throne).
- C- to find men of his own calibre ( 45) and kill them (with a .22).
- D- to repeal the Test Act, which said that the monarch (not butterfly) could be tested on British history any time (he didn't know this) (like me).

When the outraged Jimmy dismissed parliament they ran to the old swimmin' hole (to swim, maybe). Anyhow this was his first step to exile.

In May, Jimmy passed the Acts of Indulgence and Toleration:

Act of Indulgence: stated that everyone shall indulge in liquor sold only at the palace, by the king, for the king

Act of Toleration: said that the king would not tolerate anyone coming to his palace

Jimmy might have stayed on the throne until he died because he was an old man and King Williamandmary, who was king of Holland, both a good man and a good king, was next in line for succession (not pertaining to success).

However, about this time Mrs. Jimmy had a son. It was said that he was a girl and that the cannibals in the kitchen had smuggled him out on a warming plate and he was brought in, in his place (see?).

When this happened the Whigs\* and Tories<sup>o</sup> invited King Williamandmary to come to England and bring with him a revolution - (glorious, if possible), which he did.

Williamandmary didn't want the British arms (or legs) for himself, but so that he could use them to build a blockade to keep Louis XIV & Co. out so that they couldn't sell French goods in Holland at a cheaper price (French-Dutch relations being what they were)

For a few weeks a Catholic wind kept the Dutch fleet in harbour but soon Mother Protestant came through and Williamandmary's fleet came zinging across the channel (4). Unfortunately his kingship had forgotten his troops; so he sent a runner back to get them. He found out later that his runner was Jimmy, but Jimmy made a mistake too; he brought back the Dutch army.

When Jimmy found this out, Williamandmary was attacking; so Jimmy took off in a Boeing 707 jet, but Williamandmary had thought of this and had a Douglas skyrocket ready, but Jimmy had thought of this and wired its ignition so that it would blow up.

\* Whigs were a political party (not to be confused with Party) so called because they were bald and wore whigs.

<sup>o</sup> Tories were the opposition and were excessively hairy. Under these conditions a glorious revolution was inevitable.

After Jimmy left, Williamandmary became king. When he became king, parliament passed the following bills:

William of Rights: ranks with the Magna Garter, and the Position of Wrongs. It said that everything the king did was illegal and furthermore that the king had to live the life of a dog.

Mutiny Act: stated that all sailors in the Royal Navy could commit mutiny (except on the ships Caine and Bounty).

Coronation Oath: said that any king, on his coronation, shall stand on his head, bounce 4-6 times, yell out "Creedo", and fall into a six-foot pit.

Act of Settlement: stated that anything to be settled was to be settled in front of parliament at the fee of £ 800.

Act of Union with Scotland: said that England and Scotland were to be tied together (with 1/2" hemp) all along the Anglo-Scotch border.

The Act of Union gave 120 seats in parliament to Scotland. Unfortunately there were only 100 seats; so the Scots only got 45. They were happy because they were full of their own whiskey (Scotch).

#### TEST ON THE GLORIOUS REVOLUTION

1. If you were Charles II, what would you have lamented?
2. What calibre are you? (be honest)
3. If you were a parliament at the swimmin' hole, what would you have done? (think)
4. Do you indulge? (I've been watching you)
5. Write a brief essay on "I like Williamandmary because....."
6. What would you do if Williamandmary was marking this test?
7. If you were Jimmy would you be: -A- angry?  
-B- mad?  
-C- dead?
8. What would you say if Williamandmary called you a stupid clod? (be profane)
9. Are you bald? Do you wear a whig? (candidates over 45 need not answer this question)
10. How many arms and legs have you? (don't look)
11. How can you be so numb and vague about it?
12. Discuss in Latin or Greek (but, of course, not in both) Jimmy's flight.
13. Conjugate briefly the advantages and disadvantages of Jimmy's blowing up the rocket.
14. Are you insane? (answer in block capital letters)  
- Peter Fowlie, SJ

#### NIGHTFALL

The strife of ages yet untold  
Continues now again;  
The darkness tries a hold to get  
And light fights stills to reign.

But darkness wins, for night must fall  
And put the earth at peace;  
A weary world must rest awhile,  
And enger must be ceased.

The pale gold moon shines down on all,  
The gentle winds caress the trees,  
And stars light up the skies.

The petals of a scented rose  
Fold slowly as they hear  
The soothing songs of nightingales  
Singing to them here.

The creatures in the darkened  
Who search for food each day,  
Lie down to rest while up above  
There sits a sleeping Jay.

The twinkling stars, the winking  
Watch over all the land,  
While all below is quiet now,  
Peace has the upper hand.

- Brigitte Kaiser, 19

## HOW IT ALL BEGAN

The snow fell unceasingly, relentlessly, covering everything and obliterating everything

Inside the research station, the warmth from the many radiant elements could be felt in every room. Every room, that is, except for one small cavern, right at the back, which was dug into the side of the mountain. In this room, which was sparsely furnished with a chair, a table and two low bunks attached to the wall, the temperature stood at thirty degrees below zero

Eve Martin fastened the last zipper on her parka and turned to her husband of two days, "Ready, Adam?" she asked. "Is the timer set?"

"Everything is in order, darling. In exactly one half hour we begin the experiment. George, are you sure the food ration is sufficient?"

George Carson smiled. "Adam", he said. "We've checked and experimented a thousand times. Two adults in a state of suspended animation should be able to live for the specified time on the food provided".

"Do you really think the experiment will work?" asked Eve.

George thought for a moment. "I certainly hope so", he answered. "If we find that human beings can be placed in a condition of hibernation for prolonged periods of time, our scientists can do a great deal towards increasing our life span.

Adam looked at his watch. "It's time, Eve", he exclaimed.

The two Martins said goodbye warmly and entered the cavern. After they had gone, George Carson closed up the station and prepared for the long trek down the mountainside. It was cold and the wind howled without mercy around his ears.

"Only a little farther", he reminded himself.

Suddenly, he realized that the snowfall had been so great that nothing was familiar. He didn't know where he was! The path down the mountain was gone and he was alone with nothing but the screaming of the wind and the swirling snow.

In the cavern at the research station, the Martins huddled together for warmth. A fire had been built in a pit near the back of the cave and they took turns warming their faces and chapped hands.

"Adam, do you think it's worth it? What if we die?" Eve questioned.

"It's all in the interests of science, dear. When they come up here to dig us out, fifty years from now, we should be alive and perfectly healthy. The experiment worked on animals---"

"But we're not animals," Eve said, her voice shaking.

"Try to get some sleep, dear", Adam soothed.

Eve stretched, yawned and sat up on the bunk. The automatic timer was buzzing insistently in a corner.

"Adam, wake up", she urged.

"It's happened! We're alive and it's 2013 A.D.!"

Adam smiled groggily. Suddenly, Eve leaped out of bed and ran over to a panel of telephones set in the wall.

"I'm going to call all of our contacts and see how soon they can come for us," she said

As she tried the phones one by one, a mounting fear crept over her face

"No answer".

As she dialed the last phone, her fear turned to horror.

"This is a recorded message. A mysterious disease has spread throughout the world. We cannot control it. When you awake, you will be the only people left on earth. Remember us. Good luck. Adam and Eve!"

Outside, the snow fell unceasingly, relentlessly, covering and obliterating everything.

- Mary Johnston, 10A

## POEM NO. 9. LIFE

Life isn't hard as some people say;  
Life isn't hard; it's kind and gay  
Rainy days come but they never last,  
And troubles are created but soon are past.

Some people live their lives in fear  
And they miss the things that are good and dear  
They see only sadness and darkness ahead;  
So their poor little outlooks are all done in red!

Life can be happy and friendly and bright;  
Life can be lovely if we live it right.  
The troubles with us -- it's not with our life --  
It's people that cause all the sorrow and strife.

If only you'll smile and dance and sing,  
You'll find that there's fun in most everything!  
Laugh and be happy! Don't ever be grim;  
Life isn't empty, it's full to the brim.

- Gloria Stevens, 11F

## BROWN AS IN FRENCH

I'm a French lad among de Englishmen;  
I'm shy an' I don't speeke moche,  
But I wish a brown-eyed English girl  
Would show me de magic touch.

Quite a reputation de Frenchman 'as,  
Not too many 'ave real ones' names;  
But come along on a date wit me  
An' you'll see I'm sadder tame.

I 'aven't ad a date since I leff my 'ome town;  
De liddle French girls juss aren't around;  
So de English girl I'll 'ave to tak,  
But 'urry up, for goodness sak.

I lak brown 'air, and I lak brown eyes,  
An' girls of de medium weight.  
So if good English I learn to speak,  
De dark-eyed girls I'll overtake.

I 'ave my dark-eyed girl picked out,  
An' my English I am brushing up;  
Now all I need is a Saturday night  
An' a shiny convertible to pick 'er up.

- Arnel Ranger, 11B



# TEEN-AGERS

KIDS OLD ENOUGH  
TO WATCH  
THE LATE SHOW  
AND YOUNG  
ENOUGH TO  
ENJOY IT!



PEOPLE WHO EXPRES  
A BURNING DESIRE  
TO BE DIFFERENT BY  
DRESSING ALIKE



PEOPLE WHO GET  
HUNGRY AGAIN  
JUST BEFORE THE  
DISHES ARE WASHED!



GIRLS WHO TRY TO  
MAKE LITTLE BOYS  
STOP ASKING QUESTIONS  
AND BIG BOYS BEGIN!

J.G.

## EN ESSAYANT D'ETUDIER

Etes-vous normal? Etes-vous une personne qui aime à causer avec vos ami(e)s pendant que vous déjeunez dans notre lycée fabuleux ou pendant que vous marchez de classe en classe (ou pendant la classe elle-même). Etes-vous, peut-être, une personne qui, à huit heures chaque soir, téléphone à un(e) autre lycéen(ne) et lui parle jusqu'à neuf heures et demie? Etes-vous, en effet, un(e) Canadien(ne) typique? Si vous êtes une, ou plus d'une, de ces sortes de personnes, vous êtes donc comme moi -- c'est-à-dire, vous n'aimez pas étudier et vous le trouvez difficile.

La plupart des étudiants, à compris moi se disent toujours: "Je vais commencer à vraiment, étudier au moins cinq semaines avant les examens prochains". On se dit ceci pendant toutes les années que l'on passe au lycée. Réellement, pendant les quatre années avant la treizième année, on commence d'ordinaire à étudier un ou deux (ou trois?) jours avant chaque examen. (Ne me frappez pas trop fort, s'il vous plaît.) Vrai, pendant la onzième et la douzième année, on se rend plus furieux, mais d'ordinaire, cela ne fait rien.

Même si le lycéen typique se donne assez de coups de pied (trop souvent, quelqu'un d'autre et de plus vieux décide de vous aider à vous faire cela), c'est encore une tâche difficile de rester, tout seul, dans une chambre et d'y commencer à faire de la concentration. On préfère écouter la radio, regarder par la fenêtre, dormir, ou lire "Pinottes", "Jeannot Lapin", ou quelque chose d'autre. (On préférerait, si c'était possible, jouer à un sport.) En effet, on préfère faire quelque chose d'autre que d'étudier -- n'importe quoi!

Si vous êtes comme une des personnes que je viens de décrire, vous êtes comme moi et donc je vous dis: Bonne chance, vous en aurez besoin.

- Dale Cooper, 12A

## UN SOUVENIR DE MON ENFANCE

Comme la nuit tombait, j'étais assis dans mon fauteuil devant la cheminée. Fatigué comme toujours, car la vie d'un adulte n'est pas toujours facile, je songeais à un petit incident qui s'était passé de bon matin. Pendant que je conduisais au bureau, j'avais vu un garçonnet qui avait couru rencontrer un facteur. en le voyant, je me suis souvenu de quelque chose de mon enfance. Mes yeux se fermaient lentement et devant moi je voyais la vieille ferme.

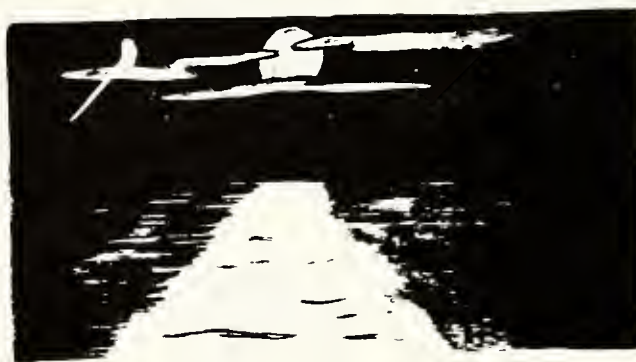
Oui! La vieille ferme, à quinze milles de la ville, où nous demeurions. Devant l'étable étaient les chevaux - nous n'étions pas riches et ainsi nous possédions les chevaux au lieu d'une auto. A cause de cette pauvreté, nous n'avions aucun livre sauf la bible et de vieux almanachs. Heureusement, mon ami le facteur venait chaque jour chez nous. D'habitude, il n'avait rien pour nous, mais il me permettait de parcourir des revues avant qu'il le livres.

Quand je le voyais au coin de la ruelle, je courais le rencontrer. Puis, souriant, il déposait son sac et sortait les revues précieuses. Tout de suite, je les

saisissais avec empressement, car les images là - dedans m'emportaient sur un tapis enchanté. Un moment je souffrais dans le désert avec des traves, le prochain j'étais au milieu d'une métropole. Je visitais ainsi les édifices les plus célèbres, les jungles les plus épaisses et les paysans les plus magnifiques. D'ailleurs, je rencontrais des personnages fameux et intéressants - des ouvriers, des avocats, des fermiers, et des politiciens. Mais bientôt, trop bientôt pour moi, j'étais remporté de mes rêves, car le facteur ramassait son sac et y remplaçait les revues. Tristement, je le regardais descendre la ruelle et quitter la ferme.

Le feu s'est éteint. Je suis monté à ma chambre, et après on être couché je réfléchissais que c'était différent après on est devenu adulte. On n'aime plus voir le facteur, car il ne porte que les factures!

- David Cluff, 11A.



## DER MOND

Seht, wie der Tag so schnell zu Ende geht  
Wie eine Blume, die gegen das Ende des Tages  
fällt -  
Und der Abend tritt mit leichten Füßen zu uns.

Wenn die stille Nacht die Erde mit ihrer Decke von  
Schlaf deckt  
Hebe ich die Augen gen Himmel  
Und denke an Gott.

Seht Ihr den Mond, der aus fernen Bergen kommt  
Gleich einer schönen Jüngfrau, jung und frisch  
und voll Leben?

Der silberweisse Mond geht langsam auf  
Und macht mir einen silbernen Pfad auf dem See  
Und führt mich, ich weiss nicht wohin.

Der Mondschein auf dem Wasser ist ein Pfad  
Und der silberne Weg reizt mich  
Und ich will darauf wandern.

Ich weiss, dass er mich in grosse Fernen führt  
Und vielleicht zu Gott.....

- Jennifer Amor, 13C



**GRADUATES B.C. 1,000**





SOCIAL



## SCIENCE CLUB DANCE

This year's social life at Nelson was put into orbit by the "Atom Smash". This appropriate theme for the science club's dance attracted a great number of our students. We were especially happy to notice that so many of our grade niners started off the year properly by attending this dance.

The activities were held in the cafeteria and the large crowd had no trouble keeping everything hopping and twisting all night.



## THE GRADUATION DANCE

After the graduation exercises in the auditorium a special dance was held to honour the new grads.

The superb decoration created a wonderful atmosphere in the girl's gym. The false sky was composed of blue and white streamers interspersed with sparkling stars which glittered in the lights. The centre folding wall held large stars, each with the name of a graduate upon it.

This dance was open to students of grades eleven, twelve and thirteen only. The music was ably supplied by the Ferri orchestra.

At one point a number of the Queen's University students (Mary-Jean Hunt, Gypsy Wright, Larry Wiertz, John Nicholson, and Bill Stafford) showed a good deal of school spirit by singing their school song.

Thus, Nelson's third graduation dance proved to be very successful.



## SADIE HAWKINS DANCE

Once again Dogpatch returned to Nelson's gym on October 26th of this year. We were glad to see that most of the girls in the school were successful in driving or dragging their favourite male to the dance and a record crowd resulted.

The appropriate atmosphere was created by the colourful figures of schmoos, pigs, a giant-sized Daisy Mae, Little Abner, Honest Abe, Ma and Pa Abner and other Dogpatch friends, including Debbie Fink. The couples came garbed in their oldest jeans, straw hats, bare feet, home-made pigtails and freckles. They danced among the bails of hay and around an old, overgrown well which dominated the centre of the floor.

The main attraction of the night was the M.C. We were fortunate enough to have Ron Smith from CKOC who kept everything at a lively pace and organized many bunny-hops and spot dances. At intermission doughnuts and Kickapoo joy juice were served in the cafeteria. Many of the couples wandered back into the gym and had a sing-song before the dancing resumed again. Each girl brought her boy a vegetable corsage and Miss Bentley and Mr. Sloan had a great deal of trouble deciding which corsage deserved the prize. After much deliberation they picked a peculiar arrangement on the basis of its originality.

There seemed to be a good crowd all night around a certain house in the corner of the gym. Yes, Marrying Sam was kept busy all night and it seems that Sam (alias Doug Cowan) had no trouble convincing many couples that the terms of his life-time contract were quite desirable.

Miss Bentley and the senior and junior cheerleaders deserve a great deal of credit for their organization and running of one of the best Sadie Hawkins Dances yet.



## CUPID CAPERS

The Girls Athletic Association sponsored a turnabout on February 15th which was appropriately called the "Cupid Capers". Many of the girls invited their favourite Valentine and so another good crowd turned up.

The Valentine theme was carried out by the red and white streamers and many cupids and hearts which surrounded the room. A giant silver heart hung from the centre of the gym and it was accented by the red and white spotlights.

The dance ran very smoothly with the help of our two MC's, Doug Cowan and Dennis Wilson. They did an expert job and we found their little stories quite interesting.

The intermission refreshments consisted of pop and doughnuts.

Many prizes were won by the students. Quite a few spot dances were held and in most cases the lucky couples got L. P. Records. However, the door prize, a hair-do for the girl and a hair-cut for the boy was the main attraction.

A great deal of thanks must go to the girls who worked so hard to run this dance and made it so successful.



THE CHRISTMAS DANCE

As is the custom, Nelson's winter term was ended with our annual Christmas semi-formal. The theme of this year's big dance was Silver Bells. The student parliament worked very hard to transform the gym into a winter wonderland. Red streamers encased the band shell and formed a false ceiling. A large mural decorated one end of the gym where several Christmas trees, with sparkling lights added a real touch of Christmas to the scene.

Earl Ray's band provided the excellent music for the night along with a lovely vocalist. At intermission sandwiches and pop were served.

We were also entertained by our favourites - the hitchhikers. Joe Drake, Jerry O'Connor, Ron Cousins and Mike Coomb sang some of our favourite songs and as usual were appreciated by everyone.

Those who attended the dance had a very enjoyable time and the only regret was that the evening ended too soon.



THE TEA DANCES

The student parliament organized the tea dances again this year. They met with a great deal more success than last year's efforts. A great many of the students found these dances an enjoyable way to pass their time waiting for their buses.

Two of the most successful dances were the Rossa



### SAYING

"if monkey gland did  
restore your youth  
what would you do  
with it  
question mark  
just what you did before  
interrogation point"  
-don marquis

nova Rock and the Hearty Swing. The latter was a special tea dance and our own dance band provided the music.

The Student Parliament spent a great deal of time organizing these dances for the students and they were repaid by a good attendance at each dance.



" 'Twas the day before Christmas holidays,  
And all through the gym,  
The kids were waiting for Santa,  
Oh, what a din! "

This was Nelson's gym on the morning of our annual Christmas party.

Therepresentatives of a class from each grade put on skits which were quite amusing or serious, as the case may be. A large group of grade 13 girls sang us Christmas Carols instead of presenting a skit.

The programme was run very well by our MC's Brian Hawkins and Ron Bell. We also had a special guest in the form of a green monster. We later learned that the man behind the mask was Bob Parkhouse.

Our Senior "Hitchhikers", a group of guitar-strummin' men teachers also entertained us. After a great deal of coaxing, the staff sang a few Christmas Carols to the enjoyment of everyone.

Then of course, Santa visited Nelson again. With bells ringing and sack slung over his back, Santa ho-ho'ed his way through the crowd. Some lucky students and staff got presents from Old Saint Nick too!

This year the students attended a religious service before the festivities in the gym began.

Jennifer Amor, Shirley Brown, Peter Smith and Jim Morton were aided by the senior band as they gave us our Christmas message.



THANKS TO CAROLYN RYZNAR  
Carolyn Ryznar deserves a great deal of credit for  
her hard work as Minister of Social Affairs 1962-63.

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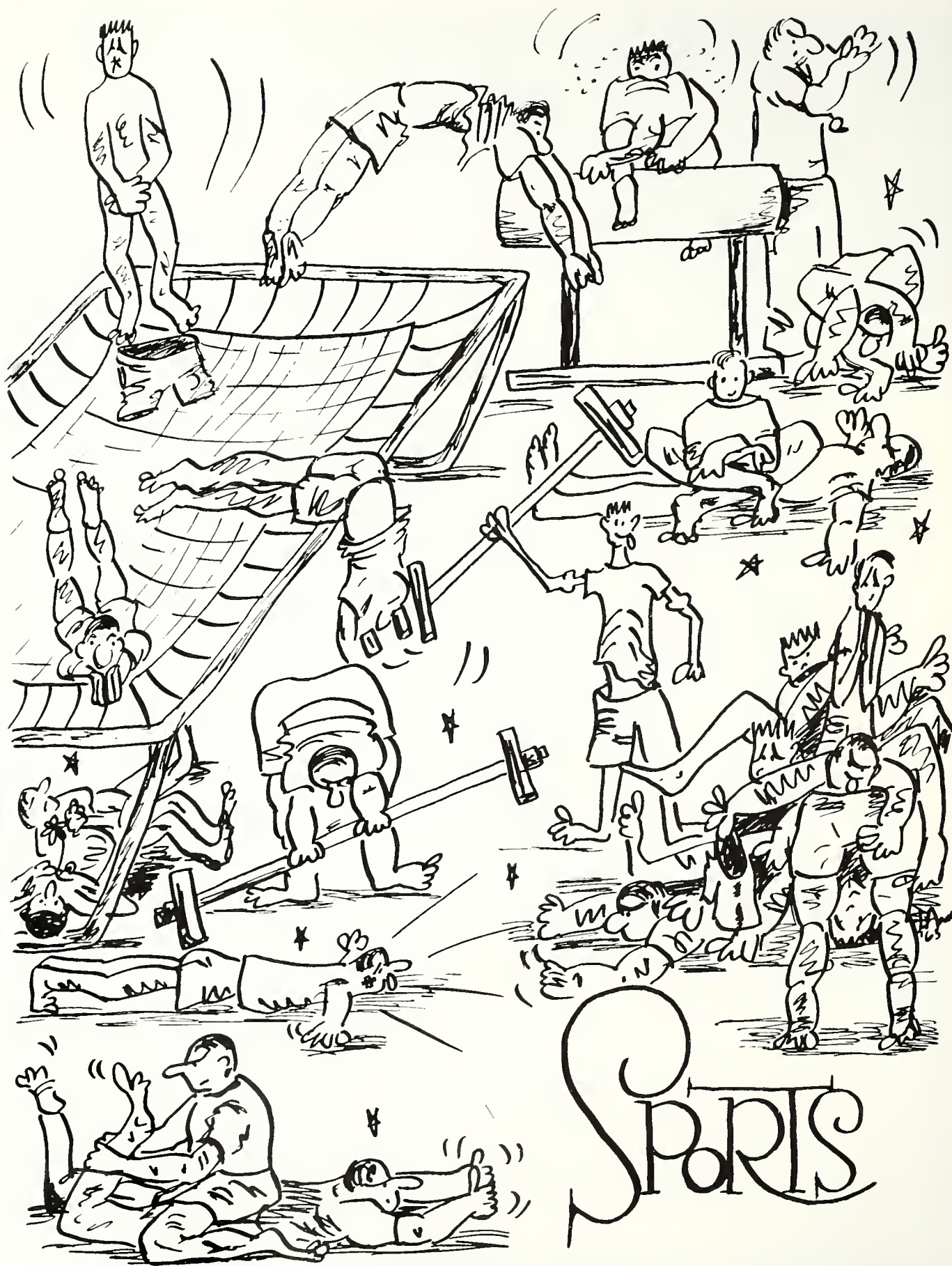
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GIRLS ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION  
BACK ROW L-R: Carol Head,  
Sue Alton, Barb Taylor, Peggy  
McKillop.

FRONT ROW L-R: Sandra Rus-  
son, Carol Woods, Marlene  
Seymour.

This is the third year that the girls' sports has been organized on the award system. Although there has been an excellent response to most team sports, the intramural activities seem to be lacking participation again. Perhaps the reorganization of the activities next year would bring about a better response.

The Girls A.A. is each year faced with the job of helping to maintain and improve the girls' sports in Nelson High. This year was no exception. I'm sure the representatives of the A.A. won't soon forget the hectic planning for our dance in February, nor our attempts to squeeze money from the student body. - Carol Woods, President.



#### TRACK AND FIELD

The early publishing date of the Victory has made it impossible for us to report the results of this year's S.O.S.S.A. Track Meets. The members of the school track team show great potential; and we are confident that with hard work, determination, and the coaching of Miss Castle, they will continue to bring distinction to our school.

#### GIRLS TRACK AND FIELD

BACK ROW L-R: Ginny Banks, Diane Walker, Meg  
Gudgeon.

FRONT ROW L-R: Shawn Fergus, Earla Nichols, Verna  
Thompson.





#### SENIOR VOLLEYBALL

BACK ROW L-R: Judy Lumb, Mary Vancas, Nancy Taylor, Jane Craig, Shirley Brown (mgr.)  
MIDDLE ROW L-R: Suzanne Monus, Jane Marshall, Gloria Stevens, Susan Hall.  
FRONT ROW L-R: Peggy McKillop, Pat MacDonald, Marlene Seymour.



#### JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL

BACK ROW L-R: Bev Fugard, Verna Thompson, Lynne McLeod, Marilyn Duncan.  
MIDDLE ROW L-R: Judy Weaver, Grace Sernie, Wendy Kennedy, Carol Dudgeon.  
FRONT ROW L-R: Karen Soden, Shawn Fergus, Roberta Haley.



#### MIDGET VOLLEYBALL

BACK ROW L-R: Lee Jackson, Sue MacMillan, Carol Fraser, Roberta Park, Carol Woods (Coach).  
MIDDLE ROW L-R: Linda Graham, Sue Butt, Nancy Boyd, Sheila Wild, Joanne Olds, Jackie Ditchfield.  
FRONT ROW L-R: Ruth Duncan, Donna Bradley, Esme Crocket.  
ABSENT: Pat Easter (Coach), Jeanette Leroux, Pat Zavodowsky.



### SENIOR VOLLEYBALL

The Senior Girls' Volleyball team, ably coached by Mrs. Cioran, did not produce a championship, but did show terrific team spirit and put forth a strong team effort throughout the season.

### JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL

At the Junior Girls' Volleyball Tournament, the girls tied for first place with Burlington and Perdue. A playoff tournament was held and both our girls and Burlington lost to Perdue. Miss Rupert did a wonderful job as coach and Shawn Fergus was a great captain. The girls played with a keen competitive spirit and arrived home happy.

### MIDGET VOLLEYBALL

The Midget team brought great distinction to our school this year by winning the Zone Championship at Perdue. The girls were undefeated in the six game tournament. Congratulations must be given to their coaches Pat Easter and Carol Woods and the team for their excellent showing. We are expecting great things from them again next year.

### SENIOR BASKETBALL

This year the Senior Girls' Basketball Team, ably coached by Miss Rupert, came within a few points of participating in Zone 1 finals. In a sudden death game, Burlington Central defeated Nelson to go on to battle against Ancaster for the title. In spite of their loss, the Nelson girls displayed fine team spirit and are to be congratulated for their enthusiasm and effort throughout the season.

### JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Nelson can be justly proud of the fine showing made by the Junior Girls' Basketball team this season. The team was undefeated throughout the five league games and proceeded to the S.O.S.S.A. Zone 1 finals where they lost to Ancaster in a two game total point series. The girls wish to thank Miss Castle for her excellent coaching and encouragement without which it would have been difficult to succeed.

### MIDGET BASKETBALL

A Midget Girls' Basketball Team was formed again this year for Grade Nine girls. In a home exhibition game, Nelson defeated Burlington, and the following week the team travelled to T.A. Blakelock for the annual tournament. Under the fine coaching of Miss Sakala, Dianne Dawes, and Jane Hagen the girls made a fine effort and placed third.



THE GIRLS' GYM CLUB  
BACK ROW L-R: Esme Crockett, Carol Seabright, Shawn Fergus, Pat MacDonald, Carol Woods.  
FRONT ROW L-R: April Osborne, Earla Nichols, Ann Beker, Sue Loucks.  
ABSENT: Donna Bradley, Lorraine Griffith, Diane Walker, Roberta Park, Sue Alton, Peggy McKillip, Joanne Waldhouser.



#### SENIOR BASKETBALL

BACK ROW L-R: Nancy Taylor, Ginny Banks, Carol Woods.

MIDDLE ROW L-R: Carol Dudgeon, Gloria Stevens, Peggy McKillop.

FRONT ROW L-R: Lynda Smith, June Howe.

ABSENT: Pat Easter, Meg Gudgeon.



#### JUNIOR BASKETBALL

BACK ROW L-R: Judy Grover, Lynne Beamish, Sue Wells, Jackie Wells, Pat MacDonald (Manager).

MIDDLE ROW L-R: Marg Carter, Diane Walker, Verna Thompson, Lynne McLeod, Marilyn Duncan.

FRONT ROW L-R: Shawn Fergus, Marlene Seymour.



#### MIDGET BASKETBALL

BACK ROW L-R: Jane Hagen (Coach), Joanne Olds, Suzanne Whitehead, Carol Fraser Lee Jackson, Christine Goodale, Dianne Dawes (Coach).

MIDDLE ROW L-R: Linda Marsh, Jackie Ditchfield, Shiela Wild, Esme Crockett, Marilyn Richardson, Dale Rimmer.

FRONT ROW L-R: Gail MacIlwraith, Linda Graham, Donna Bradley.

ABSENT: Jeanette Leroux.



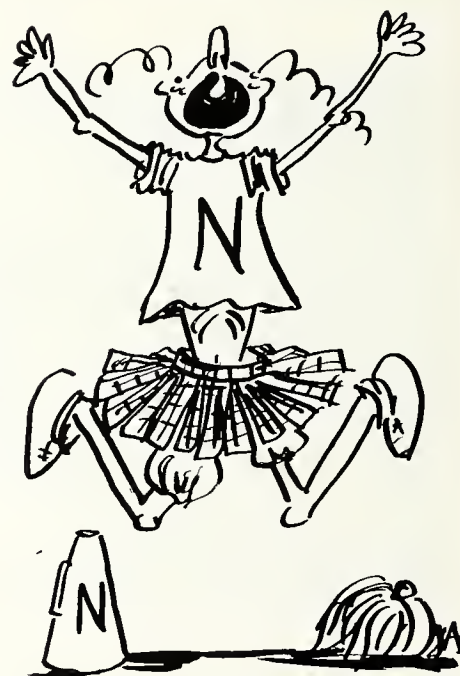


**SENIOR CHEERLEADERS**  
L-R: Janet Hayward, Sharron Grivel, Judy McGinn, Jane Hagen, Linda Tapley, Sandy Wright, Judy Wiertz.



**THE CHEERLEADERS**

The Cheerleaders this year had a most enjoyable and profitable year. Their annual "Sadie Hawkins" Dance was a great success, but their big accomplishment was making a scoreboard. Now, at least the spectators know what the winning "Nelson" score is. School spirit, with the support of the "cow bell's clanging clang", and an enthusiastic cheering section, reached a record breaking high. The Cheerleaders, under the helpful eye of Miss Bentley, and the leadership of their two captains, Janet Hayward - Seniors, and Marlene Seymour - Juniors, worked together to make the "62-63" cheering season a fun-packed, laugh and yell loaded one.



**JUNIOR CHEERLEADERS**  
BACK ROW L-R, Barb Taylor, Wendy Kennedy, Mariene Seymour.  
FRONT ROW L-R: Peggy McKillop, Darlene Staton, Pat Gratkowski.  
ABSENT: Judy Clarridge.

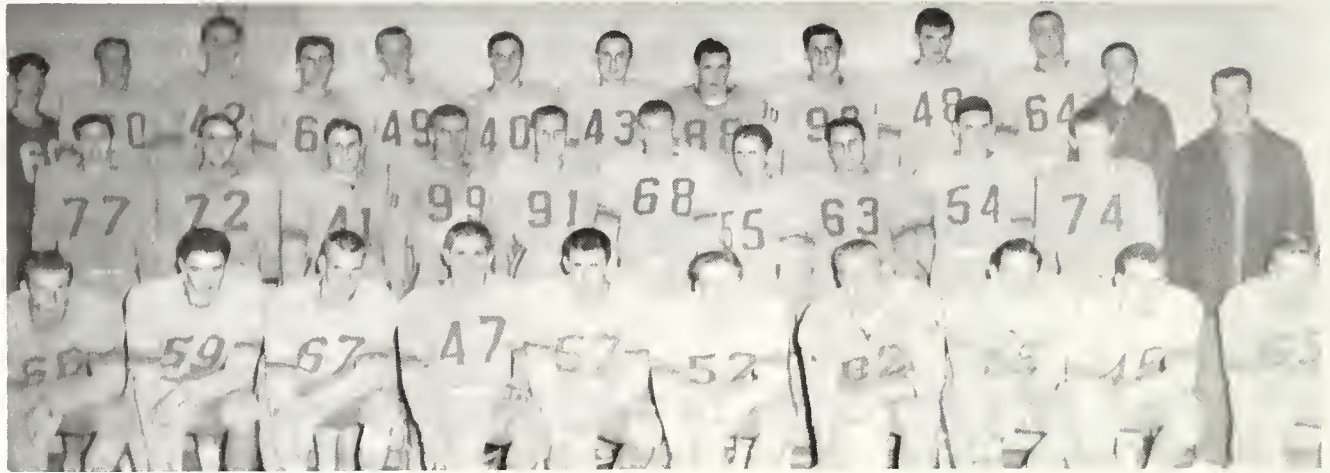








## JUNIOR FOOTBALL



JUNIOR FOOTBALL PLAYERS - BACK ROW L-R: George Lockett, George Rungi, Jim Gillies, Nigel Musing, Dave Rowe, Peter Foley, Derek Duvall, Mike Rawson, Bruce McCready, Dan Posavad, Bill Gudgeon, Jim Hejtnanek. MIDDLE ROW L-R: Bob Parkhouse, Peter Hollyoake, Gary Allan, Harold Thompson, Rick Waldhauser, Jim Strand, Charles Nixon, David Grover, Jim Morton, Rod Vinter, Mr. F. Geard (Coach). FRONT ROW L-R: Gary Jeffries, Milan Sury, Mark Davies, John Skinner, David MacKenzie, Barry Farrington, Paul Taberner, John Francis.

The school year 1962-63 was only the third one in which Nelson had junior football. However the team went undefeated throughout the regular schedule to finish in first place in the Eastern Division of Zone 1. Except for a few bad breaks in the final game against Burlington our school would have been champions.

The juniors opened the season with an exhibition game against Barton High School of Hamilton, winning 26-19. This game was a valuable one to the boys in order to gain experience. The game was highlighted by a 75 yard run for a touchdown the first play Nelson had the ball.

In the first league game Nelson came through with flying colours by beating Gordon Perdue High School 38-6 on their own field. Both the offensive and defensive teams played superbly for Nelson to win the first one.

Nelson won its second and third games by beating T.A. Blakelock 25-6 and whipping Oakville 40-6.

THE BIG GAME OF THE SEASON - against our new rivals from Aldershot. The suspense for this game was tremendous as it had been postponed once because of bad weather. Both teams played great defensive football as both teams traded punt for punt. However, the

red and gold was once again victorious 15-0.

In the final regular game Nelson defeated the blue and gold from Burlington 14-7.

THE PLAYOFFS - In a sudden death game against Aldershot, Nelson came through by the score of 20-6. The juniors scored a converted touchdown early in the first quarter and never looked back, thus eliminating A. H. S.

The Knights now advanced against Burlington Central in the Zone 1 Eastern Division play-off. Playing in a sea of mud for the second time this year the teams battled to a 7-7 deadlock. The two teams then played two overtime halves but failed to produce a winner.

On November 1 in Burlington the juniors battled for supremacy once again. This time Burlington built up a 20-0 lead by the fourth quarter. The Knights didn't give up the fight and scored two quick touchdowns to make the score 20-13. Time, unfortunately ran out and Burlington advanced to the Zone finals.

Despite the loss the juniors played superb football of which Nelson can be proud. Certainly everyone will agree much of the success was due to the expert coaching of Messrs. Geard, Gosling, and Rogers. Special thanks must go to these gentlemen for their time and effort.

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### SENIOR BASKETBALL

Although the seniors won only two out of six games, their determined effort was a credit to the school. Mr. Cioran was able to develop his seven players into a fine ball handling squad. With the shooting of Jeff Skinner and Gary Jeffries and rebounding of Pete Smith they defeated our rivals from Burlington Central and Blakelock. In losing they provided many suspenseful moments especially in losing to the league champions, Ancaster.

Home:	Nelson 42;	Oakville 47
Away:	Nelson 49;	Burlington 38
Home:	Nelson 46;	Dundas 55
Away:	Nelson 64;	Blakelock 41
Home:	Nelson 55;	Ancaster 62
Home:	Nelson 41;	Waterdown 54

### JUNIOR BASKETBALL

What the Nelson Knights lacked in height they made up in speed and determination. In spite of a losing season the Juniors played very well and with a few breaks would have ended up higher in the standings. With the shooting of John Skinner, Ray Delegarde and Jim Strand they caused many anxious moments for the opposition, especially in losing to the league champion Aldershot team. Congratulations are in order to the fine coaching of Mr. Fisher.

Home:	Nelson 38;	Oakville 47
Away:	Nelson 30;	Burlington 21
Home:	Nelson 45;	Dundas 47
Away:	Nelson 33;	Blakelock 35
Home:	Nelson 49;	Ancaster 35
Away:	Nelson 40;	Aldershot 43
Home:	Nelson 40;	Waterdown 54
Away:	Nelson 39;	Perdue 45
Away:	Nelson 60;	Parkside 34

### MIDGET BASKETBALL

The midgets were not in winning form this year but went down fighting to the final buzzer. This year's team was one of the more balanced squads as every player played well. The highlights of the season were the 27-26 victory over Blakelock and the 26-25 loss to Burlington in overtime. Mr. Page must be thanked for expert coaching and leadership.

Home:	Nelson 23;	Oakville 33
Away:	Nelson 25;	Burlington 26
Home:	Nelson 24;	Dundas 34
Away:	Nelson 27;	Blakelock 26
Home:	Nelson 29;	Ancaster 50
Home:	Nelson 21;	Waterdown 24
Away:	Nelson 33;	Perdue 39
Away:	Nelson 37;	Parkside 32





Senior Basketball  
BACK ROW L-R:  
Wynn Taylor, Gary  
Jeffries, Bob  
Scaife, John Wal-  
awina (manager).  
FRONT ROW L-R:  
John McKillop, Jeff •  
Skinner, Eric  
Poole.

Junior Basketball  
BACK ROW L-R:  
Jim Strand, Dave  
Rowe, Derek  
Duvall, Brian  
Gibson, Mr. W.  
Fisher (Coach).  
FRONT ROW L-R:  
Ron Gardiner, John  
Skinner, Milan  
Sury, Dan Posov-  
ad, Dave Beitz.



Midget Basketball  
BACK ROW L-R:  
Mr. Page (Coach)  
Pat Maloney, Rob-  
ert Ruhch, Gerry  
Hamstra, Bill  
Nobels (manager)  
FRONT ROW L-R:  
John Balch, Bob  
Caroll, Bob White.



CROSS COUNTRY TEAM - BACK ROW L-R: Larry Western, Jim Burns, Bill Burns, Wynn Taylor, Harry Meyerink.

FRONT ROW L-R: Jim Gardner, Bruce Westell, Bill Szavernaji, Pat Bolger.

### CROSS COUNTRY

The Nelson track team enjoyed a very successful season and brought many honours to our school.

On Sept. 26, Nelson played host to an invitational cross country meet which saw competitors from Nelson and Burlington. Running against tough competition, Nelson runners won the senior division and placed second in the intermediate.

The following Saturday saw several Nelson runners competing in the Canadian Legion 2-1/2 mile road race at Burlington. Running against a strong and numerous field our athletes captured second place in the S.O.S.S.A. division.

The next event for our runners was at Toronto on October 20, over a 15 mile course. Led by the strong running of Jim Gardner, Bill Burns, Jim Burns, Bruce Westell and Mike Shields, the boys managed to capture a third place standing.

Only four days later Nelson won a third place standing in the S.O.S.S.A. CHAMPIONSHIP, held at McMaster. The intermediate team placed second and the senior team third in this meet.

On October 27, Bill Burns captured second place

in the Canadian Cross Country Championships held at McMaster. A midget team of Bill Burns, Jim Osborne, Pat Bolger and Larry Baker ran well for Nelson. In the juvenile category, Bruce Westell and Bill Szavernaji competed while Jim Gardner and Mike Shields did well in the six mile event. These boys must be congratulated for they brought Nelson a fourth place standing in Canada.

At the school meet the following boys came through as champions:

JUNIOR: (1) Pat Bolger (2) Larry Baker

INTERMEDIATE: (1) Bill Burns (2) Bruce Westell

SENIOR: (1) Jim Gardner (2) Jim Burns





## WRESTLING



WRESTLING TEAM - BACK ROW L-R: Larry Pelletterio, Charlie Nixon, Joe Arbuthnott, Pat Bolger, Jim Gardner, Bill Szavernaji, Mr. W. Burns (Coach).

FRONT ROW L-R: Larry Western, Bruce Black, Harold Thompson, Gord Price, Rick Bryant, Norm Wells, Rod Vinter, Bill Sinclair.

Under the expert direction of Mr. W. Burns, the wrestling team turned in a perfect record. Following in the footsteps of last year's team, the squad won all meets in a manner that left little to be desired.

Standings of the team throughout the season were

Away:	Nelson 46;	Parkside 10
Home:	Nelson 43;	Aldershot 10
Away:	Nelson 43;	Perdue 11
Away:	Nelson 45;	Aldershot 3
Home:	Nelson 50;	Hamilton C 8

On Saturday, January 26, Larry Pelletterio won the 115 lb. event at the Ontario Agricultural College Invitational Wrestling Tournament. Seven other Nelson grapplers competed in the tournament, which featured the best wrestlers from the United States and Canada.

Later in the season, on February 9, the wrestling team travelled to Toronto to an invitational meet held at Earl-Haig Collegiate. Nelson wrestlers completely dominated the meet, coming up with eight firsts, a third and a fourth. Those boys who produced firsts were Richard Toyota, Larry Pelletterio, Charlie Nixon, Jim Gardner, Bruce Black, Rick Bryant, Norm Wells and Gord Price. Bill Szavernaji and Bill Sinclair won the other two honours.

At the Ontario High School Wrestling Championships held at Toronto on March 2, wrestlers from Nelson grappled their way to the O.F.S.A.A. crown. In doing this the Nelson boys piled up 86 points to top 29 schools in the all-Ontario competition. The Nelson wrestlers picked up two individual weight class championships, two seconds, one third and two fourths in the competition. Larry Pelletterio won the 115 lb. crown by winning four straight matches.

Rick Bryant also swept four straight matches to win the 148 lb. division. Charlie Nixon won four straight matches but was defeated in his final match. Jim Gardner also won his early matches but was defeated in the final bout. A third in the 136 lb. division and fourths by Rich Toyota in the 95 lb. class and Gord Price in the 183 lb. class, rounded out Nelson's top individual efforts.

Congratulations are due to the wrestling team for their excellent performances and to Mr. W. Burns for his able coaching which has inspired the team on to victory.



#### BOYS' GYM TEAM

Robert Balch, David Bietz,  
Paul Hartley, Larry Wallace,  
Langley Muir, Robert Stelmach.



#### GOLF TEAM

L-R:  
Richard Simmons, George  
Rungi, Don Duncan, Karl  
Gonnsen, Mr. W. Fisher.

#### JUDO CLUB

BACK ROW L-R: Don Mich-  
elak, Kent Philips, Wally  
Hart, Bob Sanderson.

FRONT ROW L-R: John Cup-  
ido, Ed Vanderboom, Peter  
Vanderboom, Pat Bolger,  
Mr. F. Bolger (coach).



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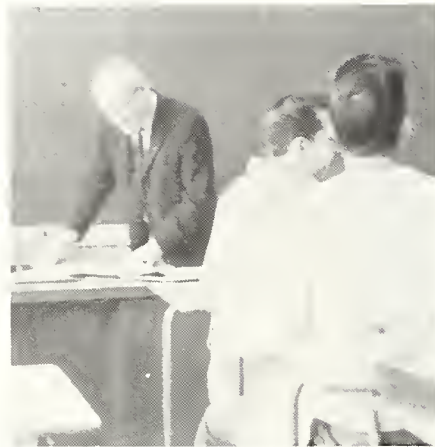




Mon Dieu! Que vous êtes  
joli!



In this play,  
Shakespeare  
uses similar...

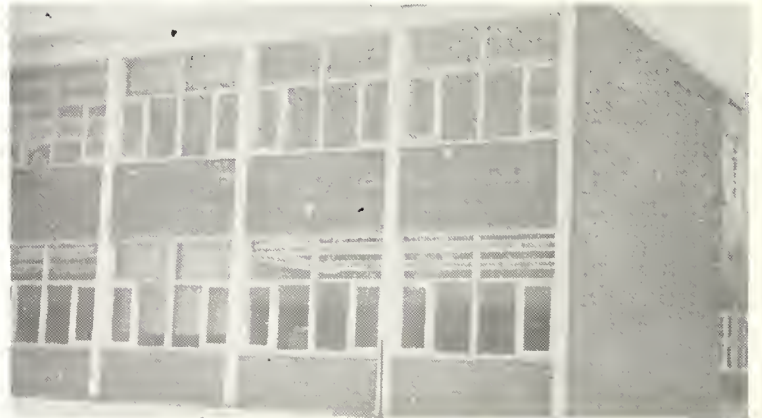


...and after all I taught that  
boy about parabola, he has  
to go an' muff it!

"Stone walls do not a prison  
make  
Nor iron bars a cage...."



Okay, outside.



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# ACTIVITIES





#### GLEE CLUB

FRONT ROW L-R: Kirsten LaCour, Louise LePage, Angela Soper, Pat Gillmour, Valerie Price, Dianne Powell.

SECOND ROW L-R: Louise Whetstone, Valerie Eggertson, Karen Wells, Grace Sernie, Sharon Cole, Wendy Arbuthnott, Lorna McNab.

THIRD ROW L-R: Lynne Grealis, Pat Coulson, Karen Soden, Margaret Weir, Lorraine Griffiths, Jane Walker, Judy Clarridge.

FOURTH ROW L-R: Miss VandeWalle, Dave Bailey, Steve Craig, Ray Brien, Dave Davidson, Phillip Therriault, Bill Nobels, Mr. Whetstone.



#### SENIOR BAND

FRONT ROW L-R: Stuart Beaudoin, Louise Whetstone, Milan Sury, Sharron Grivel, Debbie Wallace, Jane Marshall, Barbara Penvidic, Linda Forrest.

SECOND ROW L-R: Joan Hewitt, Roberta Haley, Valerie Eggertson, Leonard Boksman, Sherryl Grivel, Jeanne Hewitt, Fred Leighton, John Hoover, Jim Lang, Denise Greenaway, Gloria Stevens, Doreen Gent, Mary Jean Coulson, Holly Robinson, Diane Gilmore.

THIRD ROW L-R: Peter Foley, Heidi Gonnsen, Leslie Wright, Karen McLean, Linda Abell, Ginny McMillan, Duncan George, Bonnie Urquhart, Sue Pennington, Mary Balch, Jane Smith, Judy Allaster, Nancy Findlater, Bill Clarkson, Bob Parr, John Cockburn, Nigel Field, Stephen Plumpton, Norma Tierney, George Rose, Doug Cowan.

BACK ROW L-R: Bob Zsadyani, Doug Black, Wallace Black, Earla Nichols, Mr. Whetstone, Phil Lichtenberger, Ken Burton, Richard Davis, Jim Broadbent, Margaret Farley, Frances Searle, Greg Arnasson, Peter Smith, David Gilmore, Ron Mahy, Hilda Prosser, Tom Harrower.

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### SENIOR BAND

The Senior Band has enjoyed another successful year under the leadership of Mr. Whetstone. This year's executive is Dianne Gilmore - President, Ron Mahy - Vice-President, and Linda Forrest, Secretary-Treasurer. Also, several new positions have been initiated -- an advisory Band Committee, composed of Milan Sury, Doug Cowan, Ginny MacMillan, and Jim Lang; and two librarians, Stuart Beaudoin and Earla Nichols.

Throughout the year, the Senior Band has entertained staff and students at auditorium programs, two pep rallies, Junior and Senior Commencement, and the Christmas Party. In addition, on February 3 it took a trip into Hamilton to play the Evening Service, followed by a brief concert, at Centenary United Church. During Brotherhood Week, the group was featured at Burlington Central High School, where it played a short repertoire at a programme put on by the Chamber of Commerce.

-Linda Forrest.




### DANCE BAND


FRONT ROW L-R: Dianne Gilmore, Fred Leighton, Doreen Gent, Karl Gonnson, John Hoover, Milan Sury.

BACK ROW L-R: Jim Broadbent, Tom Harrower, Doug Cowan, John Cockburn, Bob Finlay, Ron Mahy, David Gilmore.

The Dance Band is once more on its feet after breaking in its many new members. It is composed of the following: Trombones - The Tommy Dorsey Trio: Ron Many, Graham Doule, Dave Gilmore; Saxophones - The Freddy Gardner Quintet: Fred Leyton, Doreen Gent, Karl Gonnson, John Hoover, Milan Sury; Trum-

pets - The Harry James Trio: Tom Harrower, Doug Cowan, John Cockburn; Drums - Bob (Gene Krupa) Finlay; Bass - Jim (Strings) Broadbent; Piano - Dianne (André Previn) Gilmore, and is directed by Mr. (Glenn Miller) Davis. The Dance Band played at the tea dance after school on February 7. -Dianne Gilmore.





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## DRAMA CLUB

Once again Nelson's Drama Society has enjoyed a very successful and rewarding season thanks to its most helpful staff directors Mr. Blacklock and Mr. Cooper.

Their student auditorium productions were very good and provided the student body with some light-hearted entertainment. The senior one-act play, a Mexican comedy, under the directions of Mr. Blacklock, was "Sunday Costs Five Pesos", starring: Eve Aldis, George Barbu, Judy McGinn, Jennifer Amor, Jayne Thomas. The junior one-act play, for the junior auditorium under the direction of Mr. Cooper was "Something to Talk About", starring: Ted St. John, Steve Raubet, Linda Bea Chambers, Hans Hamer, Janice Peters, Jim Toni, Tim Legloric.

To climax their dramatic activities for the year, the members presented their annual play, a comedy in three acts: "The Man Who Came to Dinner", under the direction of Mr. Blacklock, who patiently endured the frustrations presented by the "green horns" and the antics of the "old timers" through a month of rehearsals. Thanks to the many people behind the scenes: Doug Wood, Stage Manager; and Mr. Davis and their crew; Mr. Cooper, Production Manager; Miss Bentley, Vicki Smith, Properties Manager; Miss Cummings and Diane Lehman, and their crew; Mr. Bateman and the Art Department; and many others. Main Characters: Mr. Whiteside - Doug Brown (best actor), grade 13; Maggie Cutler - Peggy Smith, grade 13; Lorraine Sheldon - Eve Aldis (best actress) grade 13.  
- Judy McGinn.



FRONT ROW L-R: Doug Brown, Eve Aldis, Mr. Blacklock, Jill Adams.



## LIBRARY CLUB

SEATED L-R: Roberta Park, Kathy Ramsey, Gwen Williams, Bernadette Doiron.  
STANDING, FIRST ROW L-R: Gillian Salmon, Ute Vetter, Brigitte Kaiser, Sally Holton, Sybil Schonfeld, Adine Neufeld, Terry Davies, Shirley Mullen.  
BACK ROW L-R: Bill Szeverenyi, Allan Donaldson, Dale Cooper, Beate Hunnius, Jean Ambrose, Johanna Sandink.

## THE PROSPECTIVE TEACHERS' CLUB

The Prospective Teachers' Club has completed another successful year under the capable direction of Mr. Heaver. Interested students were given insight into the profession of teaching through lectures and discussions from Mr. Heaver, Mr. Cooper, Miss Bentley, Mr. Gilmore, Mr. Singleton, Mr. Lawless, and Mrs. Moyer. The climax of the year's program

came on the morning visits to neighbouring schools. Thanks to the staff of these schools the members witnessed the good and the bad aspects of their chosen occupation. All members found the entire program profitable. All pupils of grades twelve and thirteen are invited to enjoy similar experiences next year.



BACK ROW L-R: Dave Bailey, Paul Taberner, Bob Sewel, Paul Striowski, Steve Ware, Richard Simmons, Ross McIntyre, Ray Gibbs, Peter Vanderboom, Bob Waggot, Mark Daves, Charlie Nixon.

FRONT ROW L-R: Dianne Gilmore, Janice Emery, Linda Bartlett, Judy Wiertz, Linda Oatley, Diane Lehmon, Kathy Cornell, Donna Powell, Anita Zuraw, Joan Searle, Carolyn Higson, June McQuade, Virginia McMillan, Janet Hayward, Mr. Heaver.

## HISTORY CLUB

Late in October the History Club held its first meeting. The Executive was elected: President, Harold Thompson; Vice-president, David Cluff; Secretary, Lorraine Leighton; Treasurer, Ralph Tallman; Membership Chairman, Jim Morton.

The Cuban Crisis was at this time at a climax and this provided an excellent theme for the first few meetings. A committee was organized to compile a booklet including background, events leading up to and the Crisis itself. The meetings which followed took

the form of discussions, with some members having prepared material beforehand. The topics discussed ranged from "Canadian Politics" to "Communism for South America". On February 18th, six members of the club took part in a formal debate on "Nuclear Arms for Canada". Attendance at meetings has been very good and willing participation of all has made the meetings both enlightening and enjoyable.

- L. Leighton.



BACK ROW L-R: R. Gibbs, S. Chisholm, M. Carter, P. McKillop, Mr. Mawson, D. Loti, B. Hunnius, M. Farley, Mr. Fisher, A. Londerville, A. Wier, A. Gummo, A. Donaldson.  
SECOND ROW L-R: T. Czajer, D. Stanton, J. Nelson, N. Findlater, M. McCormack, B. Powell, B. Dales, V. Thompson, M. Firth, D. Wilkovesky.  
FRONT ROW L-R: K. Ellis, K. Ramsay, D. Cluff (Vice-President), Harold Thompson (President), L. Leighton (Secretary), J. Morton (Membership Chairman), R. Tallman (Treasurer), A. Becker, J. Toyota.

"old doceinstein has abolished time but they  
haven't got the news at Sing Sing yet"  
- don marquis



## ART CLUB



FRONT ROW L-R: Janet Smith, Nona Samson, Gaye Anne Honsberger, Jennifer Amor, Judith Campbell, Linda Pelletier, Ray Gibbs.  
BACK ROW L-R: Phillip Theriault, Joyce Vanderlinden, Kirsten LaCour, Nelly Jeeninga, Margaret Farley, Sue Pennington, Sheryl Raymes.

## STUDENT PARLIAMENT

CABINET MEMBERS: Prime Minister - Brian Hawkins, Deputy Prime Minister - Lee Lakeman, Minister of Finance - Ron Bell, Secretary of State - Martene Seymour, Minister of Social Affairs - Carolyn Ryznar, Grade 9 Premier - Dony Amy, Grade 10 Premier - Peter Campbell.

SHADOW CABINET: Terry Cambell, Peggy Smith, Jackie Gaudaur.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS: (1) Elected Wynn Taylor as speaker of the house. (2) This is the first year we have had a Social Executive working in Parliament. Thanks to Carolyn Ryznar we have had several very successful tea dances. Our annual Christmas Prom, "Silver Bells" was a real success. This was the first time in a number of years that the Christmas dance has made any money. (3) The dance was followed the next day by report cards and the annual Christmas party, sponsored by Parliament. Brian Hawkins and Ron Bell introduced students and teachers who all

helped to make the party a success. The party was brought to an end by the appearance of Santa. (4) In parliamentary meetings we set up a chess club, which is now operating successfully. Parliament proceeded to have an embossing seal made but soon found that it would cost too much money. (5) A lost and found is now operating under the control of Peggy McKillop. (6) We ran a successful canvas for our two foster children. (7) Christmas cards were sold by Peggy Smith under Parliament. (8) Near the beginning of the year we got quite excited about the possibility of having a new electric scoreboard built for us. We were able to raise \$750, but soon found out the only electric scoreboards were made in the United States. With the added tax the board would cost \$900 to \$1000. It was then decided to build a small scoreboard for the gymnasium. Thanks to work by Janet Hayward and the Industrial Arts section of the school, we now have a scoreboard in the gymnasium.



STUDENT PARLIAMENT - FRONT ROW L-R: Judy McGinn, Jackie Gaudaur, Lee Lakeman, Brian Hawkins, Marlene Seymour, Ron Bell, Larry Funston.

MIDDLE ROW L-R: Mr. Stevenson, Don Amy, Pete Campbell, Vicki Smith, Tod Wright, Gail Fell, Carol Goddard, April Osborne, Peggy Nixon, Carolyn Hartley, Jo Anne Waldhouser, Carol Downton, Milan Sury, Lynne Beemish, Kelly Burk, Peggy McKillop, Barb Taylor, Gaye Ann Honsberger, Mr. Heaver.

BACK ROW L-R: Rick Cuciurean, Jim Morton, David Davidson, Wayne Ouellette, David Cluff, Peter Johnson, Hans Hamer, Jim Howe, Cecil Smale, Wayne Taylor, Derek Duvall, Wynn Taylor, Ted Rimmer, Bill Nobles.

ABSENTEES: Gail Head, John Bryers, Geoff Salzer, Anne Furness, Heidi Gonnson, Larry Funston, Rex Lakin, Pat Connon, Dennis Reeves, Maurice Hines, Dave Bailey, Mike Pickett, Janet Hayward, Randy Richardson.

## SCIENCE CLUB

This has been a very successful year for the Science Club - both for the Club as a whole and for its subsections. Acting on the basis of fewer and therefore better, general meetings, the Club has been treated to several films, a guest speaker, and a few meetings sponsored by various subsections. In addition the club has gone on a field trip with a couple more planned to be undertaken before the year is out.

In regard to the sections of the club, Mr. Price's biology group and Mr. Page's chemistry group are the most active. The former has at least six individ-

ual projects going, two of which will be entered in the Science Fair, the latter has six going also, and three of them will be entered, the chemistry group has also sponsored a general meeting already and plans to do two more, one of which will be about smoking.

Mr. Cioran's astronomy group, the first successful one in the club's history is well under way in its project of building a telescope. This group has also sponsored a club trip to McMaster's planetarium. With these things done, even greater things are expected of this group in the future.



The Stage Crew is an organization which works behind the scenes of most school functions.

The Stage Crew's two major contributions of the year come on Drama night and the Spring Concert. Preceding these nights much preparation is done on stage and backstage to produce an effective background.

This year work on the play, "The Man Who Came

to Dinner" began early. A room had to be built on stage. This room was tricky to build because a ceiling had to be hung from the roof of the school. This showed the ingenuity of the stage crew.

Also this silent organization works on the one-act plays, lighting and sound systems for dances, the numerous auditorium periods and any other functions which crop up during the year. - Ross McIntyre.



FRONT ROW L-R: Harry Alkema, Ted Rimmer, Paul Striowski.

BACK ROW L-R: Grayem Turney, Doug Wood, John Francis, Ross McIntyre.



## CHESS CLUB



## THE MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB

The Modern Language Club, originally consisting of French and German is designed to give interested students in grades 10, 11 and 12 a chance to learn more about these languages and an opportunity to express themselves orally in them. As the club is yet in an incipient stage, the activity has been somewhat confined, with French being stressed more than German. It is hoped that, as the activity increases, Ger-

man will receive greater emphasis. So far, the club has held a games night, a presentation of slides of France with French commentary by Miss Bouck, and a film entitled "Carnival de Quebec". In the future the club is planning a very large project in the form of a play in French. The play, a comedy will be directed by the club's talented sponsors Mrs. Cioran and Mr. Fritz while the acting will, of course, be done by members of the club.

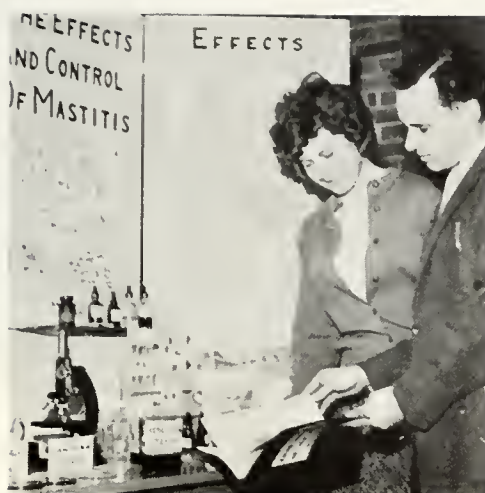


Tom Czajer, Mrs. Cioran, David Cluff, Beate Hunnuis.



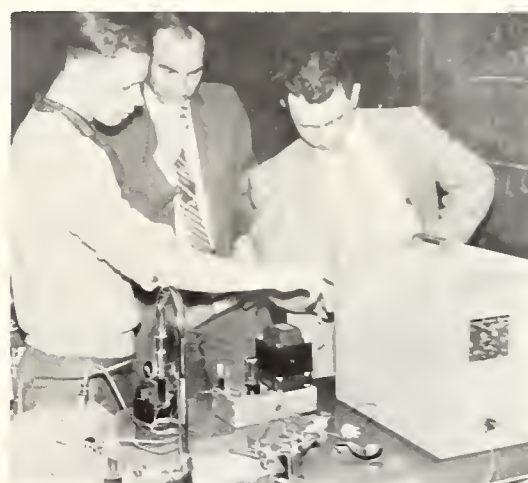
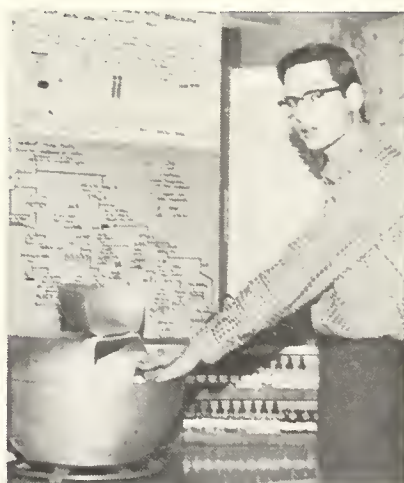
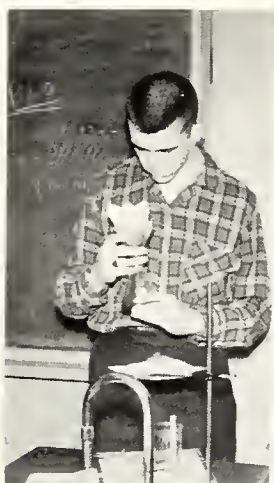
FRONT ROW L-R: Sally Romanniski, Sharron Osborne, Nancy Wallington.  
BACK ROW L-R: Norman Ruttan, Marion McMaster, Allan Donaldson, Joan MacLauchlin, Dave Bailey.

# SCIENCE FAIR



ANNA VALE - First Prize - Health - Honourable Mention at Ottawa

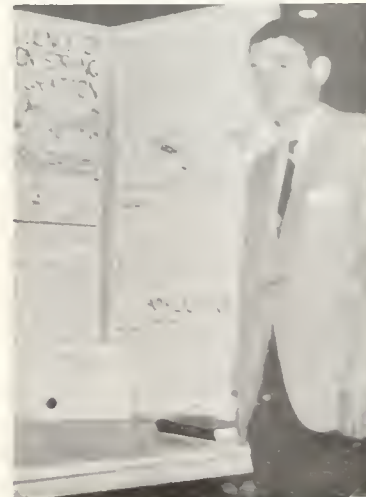
NIGEL FIELD - First Prize - Engineering



FRED DOLBEL - Second Prize - Chemistry

JIM KINNEAR - Will it ever work Jim??

KENT PHILLIPS - A prize winner in '63

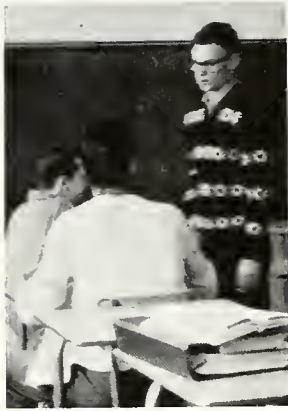


MURRAY ASPDEN - Third Prize - Zoology

BILL HOUSTON - Second Prize - Health

JOHN RICHARDSON - Third Prize - Zoology





Well! If you put  
it that way.....

## STOICS



A friend visited two artists who were known for being rather odd. When he entered their Greenwich Village walk-up, one of them was hanging by his neck from the ceiling, while underneath sat his buddy calmly looking at a copy of THE SOCIAL REGISTER.

"What's going on here?" demanded the horrified friend.

"Well", the seated one said, "My room mate thinks he's a light bulb."

"Cut him down", insisted the friend, "can't you see he's strangling up there?"

Slightly perturbed, the artist said, "Really - and read in the dark?"



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I'm cute too!

Honest, I brush my  
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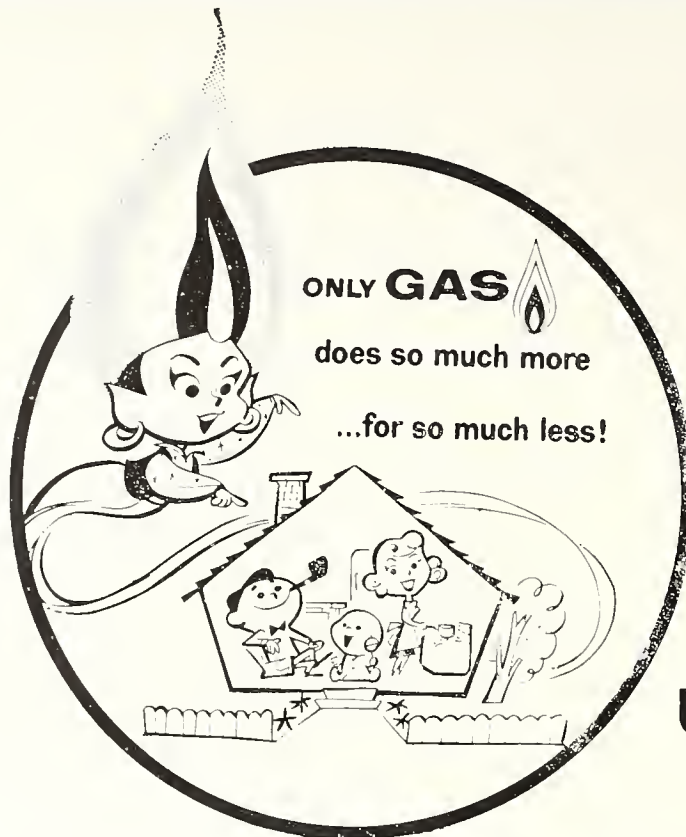
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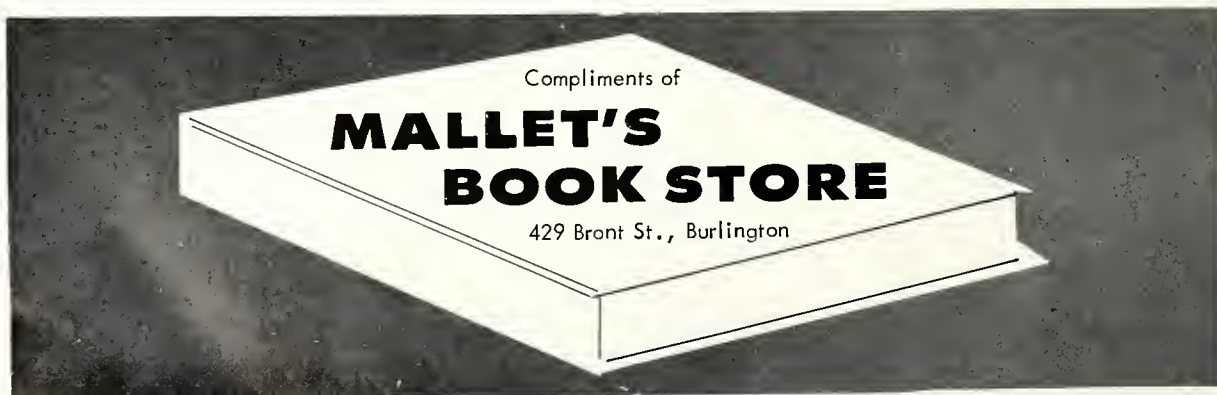
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